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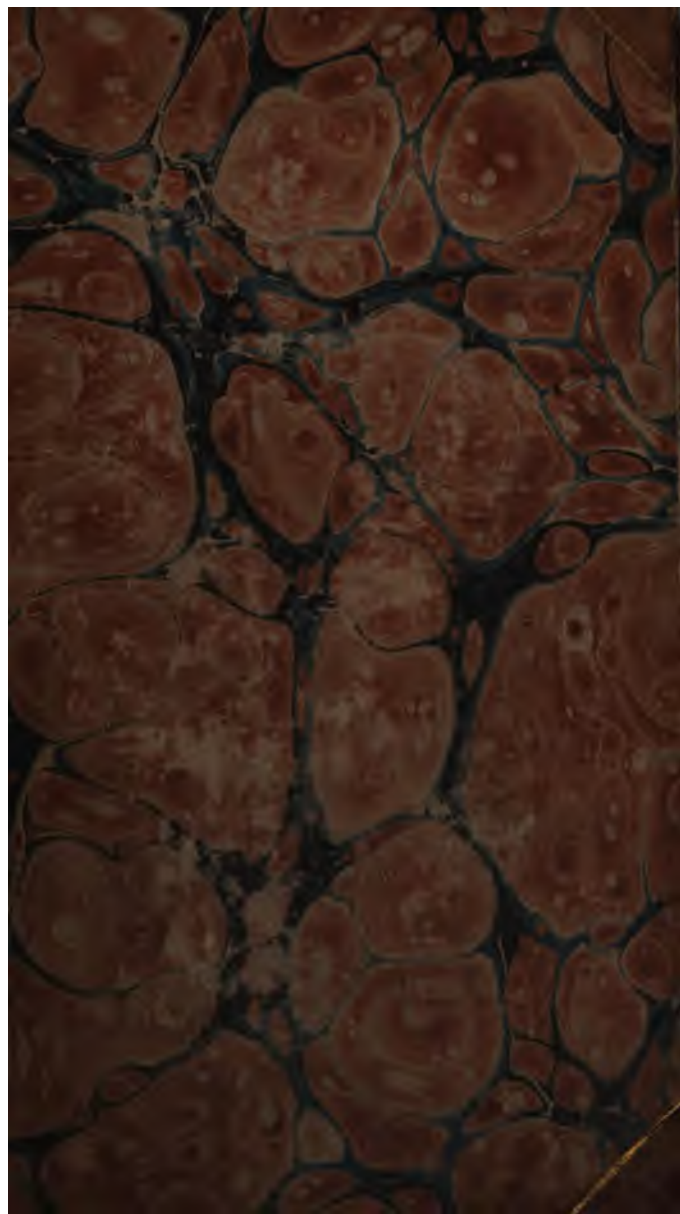
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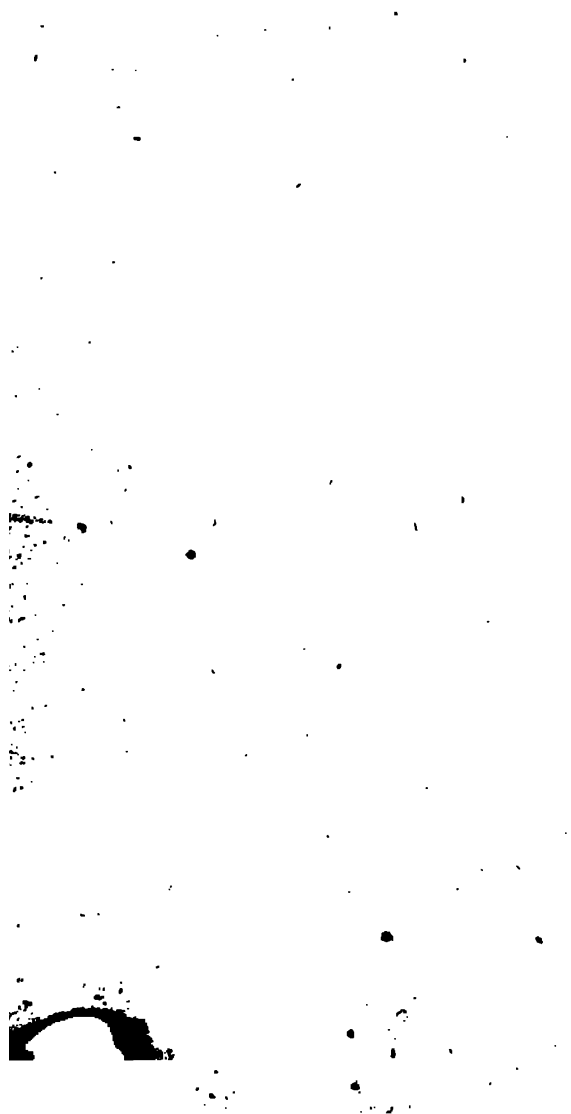
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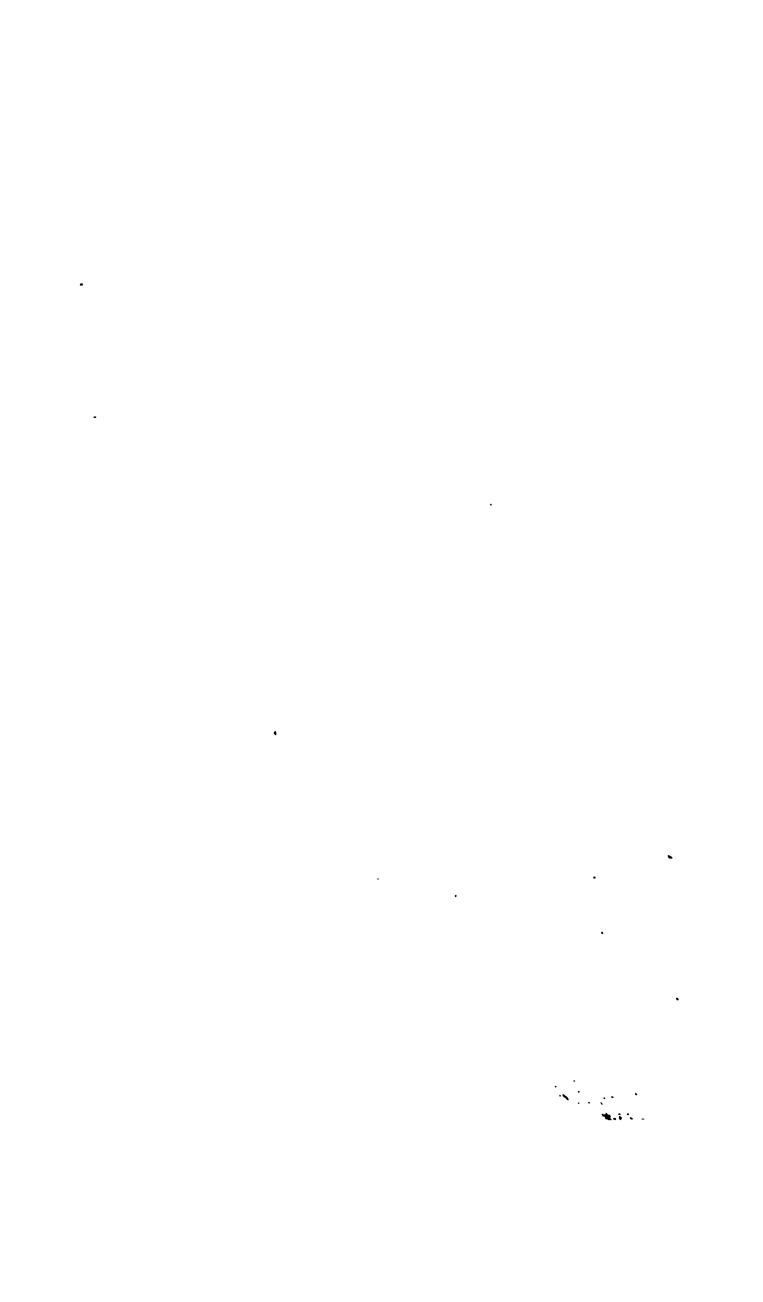


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Thomas Vincen

VOLTAIRIANA.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Selected and Translated from the French

BY

MARY JULIA YOUNG,

Author of *Donalda, or The Witches of Glenshiel*;
Moss Cliff Abbey; Right and Wrong, &c.

VOLUME III.

— Les hommes avaient tort de juger d'un tout,
dont ils n'appercevaient que la plus petite partie.

VOLTAIRE.

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1805.



VOLTAIRIANA.

The Story of the Huron continued.

I. GORDON THE PRISONER.

M. GORDON was a man advanced in years, and healthy, notwithstanding his long confinement in the Bastile. The good health he enjoyed was most probably owing to the tranquillity of his mind which was sufficiently strong to endure misfortunes with resignation, and to dictate arguments of consolation to the minds of others who suffered under afflictions. He approached

Sincerus with an affectionate and sympathising look, pressed his hand, and said,

“ Whomsoever thou mayst be who art doomed to share my sepulchre, assure thyself that I will forget my own sorrows, and exert every means within my power to soften thine ; and although Providence has suffered us to be plunged into this abyss of woe, let us adore him submissively, sustain our trials with patience, and rely on hope.”

These words were reviving balm to the drooping soul of Sincerus. He embraced his venerable comforter, and blessed heaven for giving him such a soothing friend in that horrible prison. The conversation of M. Gordon was so engaging that it soon inspired him with confidence, and with his native frankness he communicated the principal circumstances of his life, which greatly interested his auditor. He could form no conjectures in regard to his imprisonment ; and his friend, who knew more of the world, found no clue to guide his suspicions. Gordon was a Jansenist, had

been a student at Port-Royal, and said, according to his belief,

“ Providence has certainly some great design in conducting thee from the Lake Ontario to England, then to be baptized in Lower Brittany, and now to this prison. The all-wise Providence has ordered every one of these events for thy salvation.”

“ Now it appears to *me* as if the devil alone had the guidance of my destiny. I was happy in Huronia; my countrymen were sincere, honest people, and treated me kindly. The Europeans call them savages because their manners are rustic, yet they are not a disgrace to mankind like the polished villains in this country. As to my being confined here, it is strange, to be sure, until I consider how many thousands of our fellow-creatures set out from their native homes, and are killed in a distant land, or shipwrecked on the sea, and become food for fishes, a fate far more dreadful than mine. I cannot comprehend why a gracious Providence should cause the destruction of those unfortunate people.”

“ Misfortunes are trials, young man, and death a blessing, to those who are not wicked—”

Gordon was interrupted by their dinner, which was put through a wicket. He however turned his discourse on the inscrutable ways of Providence, and the necessity of supporting ourselves with fortitude under afflictions. He continued,

“ I have been confined here for two years, without any society except my books and my own reflexions, and yet I have not lost my tranquillity of mind.”

“ Ah, M. Gordon, but you are not in love with your godmother ! If you knew my Eloisa you would not wonder at my despair !”

Tears relieved his oppressed heart.

Although the Jansenist could not entirely bring over the Pupil of Nature to agree with him on religious topics, yet when he beheld his eyes moistened with tears he soothed the unhappy youth with the affection of a father, and endeavoured to amuse his mind by various studies ; and if Sincerus

had not been in love he would have made a great progress in mathematics : but Eloisa occupied his thoughts too much for them to dwell attentively on any other subject.

History rendered him very thoughtful and melancholy : the world appeared full of crimes and wretchedness ; and certainly all the innocent, peaceable beings among mankind are almost invisible on this vast theatre ; the principles in the dramatis personæ are the ambitious, the vain, and the wicked. The annals of history spring from the same source as the incidents in tragedy, strong passions, enormous crimes, and dreadful calamities ; and Clio ought to be armed like Melpomene.

Geography, the description of the various countries, and the manners of the inhabitants, afforded great entertainment to the young captive, while they enlarged his ideas and improved his understanding. Nor was the drama excluded from their readings. Moliere delighted him. He learned, from his excellent comedies, nature and Parisian

manners. The Tartuffe was his favourite. Gordon said,

“ It was a tartuffe who imprisoned me in this dungeon ; and probably it were tartuffes who sent thee here also.”

Racine's tragedies affected him greatly. He could recite the most interesting parts of them with such sensibility, that he affected old Gordon to tears ; and he frequently made such judicious remarks, that they did honour to his understanding. He resembled a vigorous tree, which had grown tall and luxuriant in an uncultivated soil ; but being transplanted to a more favourable spot, blossomed and bore fruit. Strange, that this exotic should thus begin to flourish within the walls of a prison !

Gordon, who had globes and an orrery, instructed his docile pupil in the elements of astronomy. He was uncommonly attentive to this sublime study, although it seemed to increase his melancholy. He said,

“ How hard is my fate ! Now I begin to be acquainted with the celestial regions, they are hidden from my sight ! The cruel

beings who deprive *me* of the sun's all-cheering light enjoy his beams! When I dwelt beneath the northern horizon, in the land where I was born, no one was so *savage* as to seclude me from the splendid orbs of day and night which shine upon the universe. Now they are lost, *all* lost to me! O, my dear friend! without your society I should expire in this dismal mansion of despair! Yes, my sensible and revered Gordon, your instructions have soothed and enlightened my soul, even in these regions of darkness!"

Thus passed days, weeks, and months; and if Sincerus had not loved, if he had not known that his Eloisa and his affectionate relations at the Priory were grieving lest some accident had befallen him, or accusing him of ingratitude, he could have been tolerably easy in his confinement. But he felt for those who were so deservedly dear to him far more than for himself.

II. THE PRIORY FORSAKEN.

When a month had elapsed without any news arriving at the Priory from Sincerus, the prior, Mademoiselle Kerkabon, and poor Floisa began to grow uneasy. The second and third months they were continually alarmed by false reports and terrifying conjectures. Six months had rolled on, and they concluded that he was dead.

At last, by mere chance, the prior was informed of his nephew's safe arrival at Versailles, and of the adventure at the Blue Dial, through the means of the life-guardsmen, who had written those particulars to a relation at St. Malo much about the time they happened; and he added, that the poor young man had never since been heard of, and it was supposed that he was conveyed to the Bastille. When Mademoiselle Kerkabon heard this, she said,

“ Alas ! our poor nephew, having the misfortune to be a Huron, has no doubt be-

haved ignorantly, not knowing any thing of the manners of a court, and so got himself into some disgrace, which may be of fatal consequence. My dear brother, you know I never saw either Versailles or Paris; let us go there immediately, and endeavour to find our dear nephew. Who knows but it may be an excellent opportunity for us to prevail on him to be a sub-deacon? Trouble and this long absence may have extinguished his love for Eloisa; or, if not, you know how she grieves and weeps incessantly for him; and indeed, brother, he must either take orders or marry Eloisa, lest he should take to bad courses, like too many young men; and you know, as he was baptised at our instigation, it is absolutely our duty to take great care of his soul: therefore we *must* go to Paris and seek for him, or who can tell but he may be lost for ever?"

The prior was affected by his sister's discourse, and agreed to her proposal, with the bishop of St. Malo's consent. He went instantly to consult with that prelate, who not only approved of the journey, but gave

the prior letters of recommendation to Father de la Chaise, the king's confessor, who was invested with the first dignities in the kingdom, to Harlai the archbishop of Paris, and to Bossuet bishop of Meaux.

With these credentials the prior and his sister quitted St. Malo, and arrived safely at Paris, where they found themselves as much bewildered as if they were in the midst of an immense labyrinth without a clue. Every day they were obliged to hire carriages in order to introduce themselves in a decent manner to the dignified fathers of whom they were to make their inquiries.

When the prior solicited an audience with the reverend Father de la Chaise, he was with the king: when he went to the archbishop's palace, the prelate was engaged with the rich and beautiful Mademoiselle Lesdiguières, who was consulting him concerning donations to the church: he set off next for the rural villa of the bishop of Meaux, who being in the country, he hoped might be disengaged: but, alas! he was examining a witness concern-

ing a mysterious affair which had happened in the neighbourhood. However, after several attempts he gained access to both the prelates; but each of them informed him, that as his nephew was not in the service of the church, they could not interfere in the business.

When the prior told his sister what the prelates said, she exclaimed,

“ Would to heaven that the poor boy were a sub-deacon !”

At last the prior obtained an audience with the powerful jesuit Father de la Chaise, and never was a reception more flattering. Although the prior was totally unknown to his reverence, he embraced him with fervour, protesting that he had a very sincere friendship for him, and that his holy society had always been particularly attached to the worthy inhabitants of Lower Brittany. After the prior had made known his business at Paris, the jesuit said,

“ But, my good friend, I fear this nephew of thine is so unfortunate as to be an heretic.”

“ I assure you, reverend Father, that he is not.”

“ Then perhaps he is a Jansenist.”

“ By our holy faith, he is scarcely a Christian ! Eleven months have not elapsed since the bishop of St. Malo baptized him.”

“ I am rejoiced to hear this. He shall be taken great care of among us. Is thy benefice considerable ?”

“ But very moderate, indeed, and this search after my poor nephew has been extremely expensive. My little income is not adequate to the expenses of the capital.”

“ Are there any Jansenists in thy province, worthy prior ? Take care, for they are more dangerous than Huguenots or atheists !”

“ We have not one, my reverend Father. Even the *word Jansenism* is not known at Our Lady of the Mountain.”

“ It gives me comfort to hear it. Adieu, my dear prior ! rest assured that I will do every thing for thee.”

Thus affectionately did Father de la Chaise dismiss the prior, but thought of him no

more. Time slipped away, nothing was done, and the good prior and his sister were still exerting themselves at Paris and Versailles, and still plunged deeper in despair.

III. THE ELOPEMENT.

After the prior and his sister left St. Malo the artful bailiff strenuously urged the Abbé de St. Yves to precipitate the marriage between his son and the lovely Eloisa ; and as the abbé approved of the match, he did not delay sending for his sister.

Eloisa was prepared for the summons. The more she had thought herself unkindly treated by her brother, the more ardently she loved Sincerus, and the more she detested the bailiff's son. She had read romances, by stealth, in the convent. The prior and Mademoiselle de Kerkabon were gone to Paris. Should an old uncle and an aunt of forty-five evince more affection and spirit than one who was in the prime of youth, who adored Sincerus, and who ab-

horred the wretch whom the abbé had destined to be her husband? Love answered no, and she quitted the convent in obedience to her brother.

She behaved with propriety to the bailiff and his son, her brother was pleased, and happiness reigned around her. The wedding day was fixed: she made no opposition. The morn arose; every thing was prepared: but before the bridegroom had left his bed, his bride was several leagues on her road to Paris. Resolved to try her influence in behalf of her lover, she had formed her plan; and packing up her nuptial presents, and every valuable of her own, she made her escape at four o'clock in the morning; and by the time a pursuit was thought necessary she was seven leagues distant from St. Malo.

The bailiff questioned every creature he met; his son gaped in astonishment, and looked more simple than ever; and the abbé was absorbed in consternation for a time, and then in a terrible rage resolved to pursue Eloisa; and he set off immedi-

ately with the bailiff and half the inhabitants of Lower Brittany.

Eloisa was on horseback, and pursued her course to Paris, without the least alarm, until the third day, when, upon making her accustomed inquiries of the couriers who overtook her, she learned that a fat abbé, a bailiff still more enormous, and a stupid-looking young man, were not far behind her. With great presence of mind she immediately turned into another road, and by great dexterity arrived at Versailles while they were making a fruitless search for her at Paris. But now she was at Versailles, how was she to act? She recollected the life-guardsman who had given the intelligence; she knew he was of Lower Brittany, but not his name; and how could she, young, beautiful, inexperienced, friendless, and a stranger, venture among the king's guards to inquire for the Low Breton?

IV. A DAWN OF HOPE.

Eloisa could not take courage to expose herself among the soldiers, but requested the people of the inn to recommend a jesuit to her who was in the habit of confessing persons of the lower rank ; for there were confessors in regular gradation, from royalty to valets and soubrettes. To the spies the latter were very useful penitents, as they generally blended the secrets of the families in which they lived with their own.

To a jesuit of this lower order, who was called Father *Tout-à-tous*, was the fair Eloisa introduced ; to him she confessed, related her adventures, and conjured him to place her, in safety, with some respectable female, who would be her protector in such a gay place.

The good father immediately conducted her to a trusty devotee, whose husband was the cup-bearer, and Eloisa fixed her abode with Madame Facile, which was the

name of her protectress, and endeavoured to obtain her friendship and confidence.—Through her means Eloisa soon obtained intelligence of the Breton guard, and learned from him all the particulars which he knew concerning Sincerus; and he directed her, for farther information, to the head clerk at M. Alexander's, to whom she went immediately.

This gentleman was sooner visible and far politer to the beautiful Mademoiselle de St. Yves than he was to the young Huron, whom the softened scribe presently found was the object of her affections, by her fainting on his telling her that he was most probably confined for life in the Bastile. Affected by her distress, he said,

“ Do not give way to despair; it may be in your power to alter the fate of your lover. I have no influence over the ministers, therefore can do you no service in this affair, except by advising you to go, without delay, to M. de St. Pouange, who is the cousin and favourite of M. de Louvois. This minister has two souls which govern his own: one is

M. de St. Pouange, the other Mademoiselle la Belle. She is, at present, absent from Versailles, therefore you have nothing to do but engage this gentleman, whose power is unlimited, in your cause, and you are sure of success."

A dawn of hope gleamed faintly through the dreadful apprehensions which had so long clouded the once chearful soul of Eloisa. Trembling with anxiety for the fate of Sincerus, dreading the pursuit of her brother and his party, her tears flowed in torrents. At length exerting her fortitude, she flew, for love seemed to give wings to her feet, to the house of M. de St. Pouange.

V. THE PRIEST CONVERTED.

The venerable Gordon still continued to improve his young companion, who rewarded his care by the progress he made in every science. On religious topics the

Huron frequently puzzled the Jansenist priest. He said, one day,

“ I love and revere you, my excellent Gordon, as *yourself*, but not as a *Jansenist*; yet I abhor your persecutors; they are cruel wretches for thus oppressing a good and venerable man for differing from them in religious opinions. Sectaries seem all to be the slaves of narrow prejudices, which impel them to detest and persecute each other. Indeed, my friend, I cannot reconcile such conduct with the idea I have formed of an universal Creator, nor with what I have read concerning the Saviour of mankind; for I find those who make the proudest boast of being Christians act diametrically opposite to his precepts and example. I was born among, or at least dwelt among barbarians, from infancy until my twentieth year, and although they act savagely sometimes by their enemies in war, they never oppress and persecute their peaceful neighbours: but Christians persecute their friends. I had scarcely set my foot in France before I shed my blood in her

defence, and this is my reward for preserving a province—to be buried alive in this sepulchre while yet in the bloom of my youth! I was born free as the air I breathed; the blessings of my existence were liberty and love; the monsters have deprived me of both; and if they had not extended their cruelty to you also, I must have died here! We are imprisoned for we know not what! There can be no laws in this country. In England men are never condemned unheard—Alas! I wish I had not fought against the English!”

Gordon pitied Sincerus more than he did himself; he was old, a stranger to love, except as a *crime*, and had only exchanged the lonely cell of a monastery for a dungeon; he therefore indulged the youthful sufferer in every thing which seemed to sooth his afflictions. He observed that absence increased the ardency of love, and that philosophy had no power to check its progress; that the more his pupil's mind became polished, the purer grew his passion for Eloisa, the more faithfully he loved her, and the

more confidentially he displayed his sentiments of love, which always exceeded those he pointed out to him in romances, when he said, " These authors substitute wit and art for nature. Alas ! their heroes do not love as *I* do ! "

Gordon believed him, and let him talk for hours of Eloisa, and please himself with ideal scenes of future happiness ; while he himself no longer considered love as a crime, but as a sublime sentiment which exalted the soul ; and, sighing for the blessing he had lost from narrow prejudice, sensibly felt that an old Jansenist priest might be made a convert to Love by a young pupil of Nature.

VI. M. DE ST. POUANGE.

Eloisa, accompanied by her friend Madame Facile, arrived in sight of the house where M. de St. Pouange resided, just as the Abbé de St. Yves came out of the door ; fortunately Eloisa was concealed by a muslin

veil ; yet, despairing of success, as her brother had been there, she would have turned back if her friend had not encouraged her by saying, “ Be not afraid ; if you think your brother has been speaking against you, this is the very moment that it is your duty to speak in your defence ; and surely a lovely young woman will have more influence than an old fat abbé ; besides, the fate of your lover may depend on this interview.”

These words decided Eloisa ; she gained admittance, and was conducted to the audience-chamber of this deputy minister. Her youth, her extreme beauty, her languishing eyes, moistened with involuntary tears, attracted general observation, the sycophants forgot the idol of power to bow at the shrine of beauty. M. de St. Pouange pitied her confusion, and led her into a closet.

She spoke with an unaffected grace ; St. Pouange was greatly interested ; she trembled ; he said, “ Be not thus agitated, lovely maid, the affair you mention requires consideration ; let me see you this evening,

when I shall be more at leisure ; many persons are in waiting now ; common audiences are hastily dispatched : your story has affected me, I will attend to it particularly. Tears shall no longer dim those beautiful eyes if it be in my power to remove the cause of your sorrow. Let me have the pleasure of seeing you here again at seven this evening."

He politely conducted her to the door of the audience-chamber, and she departed with Madame Facile in better spirits than she entered.

She failed not to go at the appointed hour, accompanied by her friend, who staid in the anti-chamber while Eloisa was conducted to St. Pouange, who was in the inner apartment.

After the first compliments, he said, " Can you believe, Mademoiselle, that your brother has been with me to request me to grant him a *lettre de cachet* against your lovely self? But be assured that I would sooner banish Monsieur l'Abbé de St. Yves for ever from the capital, and confine him to Lower

Britanny all his life, than seclude such beauty from the world."

" Alas! *lettres de cachet*, I fear, are too liberally bestowed in this city! Although my brother is very unkind, I wish not to retaliate; I have more regard for the liberty of mankind. I have waited on you, Sir, to supplicate the releasement of one to whom the king owes the preservation of our province; a brave young man who would do service to his country; the son of an officer killed in its defence. Of what crime is he accused? or who had a right to imprison him without a cause?"

St. Pouange showed her the letter from the Jesuit spy to Father de la Chaise, and also that from the bailiff to M. de Louvois. Eloisa read these letters with astonishment, particularly that from the bailiff, and exclaimed, " Gracious Heaven! can such monsters exist? And is it upon such evidence as *this* that the liberty and lives of the citizens of France are sacrificed!"

On her knees she solemnly declared that Sincerus was guiltless of all that was laid

to his charge, and still on her knees, with weeping eyes and clasped hands, solicited St. Pouange to release the brave young Huron. She looked so extremely beautiful, that the deputy minister was quite captivated with the lovely petitioner; and, ever accustomed to indulge his passions in regard to women, rather abruptly swore he loved her to distraction, and that if she would return his affection, the *lettre de cachet* should be revoked, and the man for whom she pleaded so forcibly rewarded with pensions, places, honours, and royal favour.

Poor Eloisa, choked with agony, leaned her head on the sofa, unable to arise. St. Pouange kneeled in his turn, and most ardently pleaded his passion; and as he was neither old nor disagreeable, might have been a successful lover, upon honourable terms, if Eloisa's heart had not been so faithfully attached to her adored Sincerus.

Exerting all her strength of mind, she started from the floor, and firmly avowed her attachment to the man for whom she had been so ardently pleading, and relied

on the honour of St. Pouange not to continue his importunities; but she knew not that a gay, thoughtless, rich man of fashion, who was a general and a too successful lover, would not be so easily repulsed by an unprotected, imprudent girl, (for so he deemed her,) who had run away from her relations after a young man of bad character, whom he considered as unworthy such a lovely creature. He therefore plainly told her that he had mentioned the *only* means by which she could obtain liberty for the young man for whom she so highly interested herself. The agonized Eloisa retired without speaking. He did not attempt to detain her. She took the arm of Madame Facile, who had formed many conjectures at her long interview with St. Pouange, and now wondered at her hurrying so silently out of the house, and all the way home, without answering a single question.

She threw herself into a chair, and gave way to an agony of tears which relieved her oppressed heart, and enabled her to relate what had passed between her and St. Pou-

ange. Madame Facile crossed herself several times, and then said,

“ My dear young friend, you must consult our pious director Father Tout-à-tous.”

“ Alas ! what can *he* do for me, when those who seem to govern the nation think so lightly of the liberty of the men and the honour of the women ?”

“ O, he can do more than you imagine ; he has great influence over my Lord de St. Pouange ; he confesses all his female servants. He is a pious, accommodating man, and has also the direction of some ladies of fashion. Take his advice, I have always found it good : rest tranquilly to-night, and I will go to him in the morning.”

VII. FATHER TOUT-A-TOUS.

The unhappy Eloisa told her confessor the whole of the behaviour she had experienced from St. Pouange without mentioning his name. The jesuit said,

“ Ah, my dear daughter, this must be a

most abominable sinner! a vile Jansenist, no doubt. I will inform his reverence Father de la Chaise, who will imprison him in the same place where thy beloved is confined. What is the wicked one's name?"

"St. Pouange."

"What! how! my Lord de St. Pouange! Ah, my child! that alters the case greatly. He is cousin to the greatest minister we ever had; he is a powerful man, he is rich, a true Christian, and a worthy protector of the righteous cause, therefore he cannot do *wrong*. No, no, daughter, you mistake."

"I did *not*. Oh, Father, I am lost! Whichever way I turn I behold misery or shame! Alas! I have no alternative! My *lover* must remain buried alive, or *I* render myself unworthy to live! I cannot let him die in prison! Yet to release him is *worse* than death to me! I cannot, *will not* save him at the expense of my honour!"

"I will not persuade you, my daughter; but you are certainly very ignorant of the world. Few Parisian husbands would thank

their wives for depriving them of liberty, and even of promotion, because they could not behave politely to such an amiable man as my Lord de St. Ponange. You may rely on his word ; he will perform whatever he promises. Bénédicité, daughter ! I hope you will act wisely both for yourself and the unhappy prisoner. Bénédicité !”

Father Tout-à-tous left Eloisa as much terrified at his discourse as she had been at the proposals of St. Pouange. She wished that death would release her from the horror of leaving her beloved Sincerus in dismal captivity, or the shame of purchasing his freedom with the loss of her honour and of his love.

VIII. MADAME FACILE.

Eloisa told her friend what strange advice Father Tout-à-tous had given her, and expressed an anxious wish to take refuge in the peaceful grave from such a wicked world. Madame Facile said,

“ Alas ! poor thing ! didst thou know the world as well as I do, thou wouldst think nothing of all this. In our gallant, gay, and polished court, love and beauty preside over *all*. Pretty women may, if they possess the least share of wit and spirit, be the making of their families, for their influence at court is unlimited. They can bestow pensions, places, honours to the brave, liberty to the captive, and life to the condemned. O, my dear, we can do any thing ! Why now, as I have a great friendship for thee, I will confess, in confidence, that if I had been such a novice in courtly manners as thou art, my husband would not enjoy the good place which maintains us so comfortably ; and he has sense enough to be grateful to his benefactress. Of what use are all these tears ? Will they release the poor young man who is wasting his life in the Bastile ? ”

“ Cease, I conjure thee ! Lead me not into this labyrinth of misery ! Saints and angels ! what a world and what people am I become acquainted with ! I stand upon the brink of

destruction, and no friendly hand will save me! Yes, I will go to the palace, and throw myself at the feet of our gracious sovereign, when he is going to chapel or to the theatre."

"Ah, my dear! thou wilt gain nothing by that attempt. No one is suffered to approach the king until their request is made known. Father de la Chaise and M. de Louvois attend him to mass; and the latter and his cousin St. Pouange attend his majesty to the theatres."

IX. THE DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

While Madame Facile was increasing the difficulties of the almost distracted Eloisa, a paquet arrived from M. de Pouange, addressed to her. She would have returned it unopened, but the bearer was gone, and her curious friend had already broken the seal. The paquet contained an elegant pair of diamond ear-rings, and a letter, informing her that he would do himself the

pleasure of supping with her, and deliver into her hands a revocation of the *lettre de cachet*. It is impossible to express the perplexities of Eloisa's tortured soul. She knew not how to act. The *present* she was resolved to refuse: but Madame Facile said,

“ Mon Dieu ! wilt thou exasperate such a powerful man ? Ah, my dear friend ! think of the fatal consequence ! Thy lover would be racked upon the wheel, and thou buried in a convent for life.”

“ Oh, all-gracious Heaven ! what am I to do ? ”

“ *Do ?* why as thou didst in Lower Brittany, dissemble, until thou hast gained the revocation. Surely thou mayst do that without difficulty. Wear the diamond ear-rings, receive my Lord de Pouange with apparent gratitude, gain *time*, and the *revocation* and all may succeed according to thy wish. Every thing depends on thy skill in dissimulation.”

“ My soul abhors deceit ; yet once more, for the sake of my Sincerus, I will dissemble.”

X. ART PREVAILS.

Eloisa, much against her inclination, wore the brilliant ear-rings, and took what pains she could to dress herself answerable to them. She also, her fond heart trembling with apprehension, endeavoured to assume the appearance of satisfaction.

St. Pouange arrived. She sat down to supper. Madame Facile performed the honours of the table. Eloisa was pleased with the delicacy of their guest. He talked not of himself; but of the brave de Kerkabon, and of his being free to-morrow; drank wine to the mutual happiness of Sincerus and the faithful Eloisa. He presented her with some wine. She did not exceed her usual quantity, yet her spirits were uncommonly exhilarated by the transition from dreadful uneasiness to satisfaction.

St. Pouange gave her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*. She received it with transport. M. Facile requested that his

wife would favour him with a few minutes' conversation, and Madame Facile left the room, exclaiming against her husband for being so troublesome. Eloisa felt the more confidence at being alone with St. Pouange, as he had ceased to be the lover.

He requested her to drink the wine which stood before her, as a glass of success to the captain, and immediately presented her a captain's commission for Sincerus, and promised higher honours. The emotions of joy which agitated the heart of Eloisa overpowered her. She grew faint; she drank the wine, then laughed convulsively, and in a few minutes her senses were so disordered that she became the victim of the artful St. Pouange, who, to facilitate his triumph over her honour, had mingled *opium* in her wine.

XI. LIBERATION.

By break of day the betrayed Eloisa recovered to a perfect sense of her shame and misery. Horror chilled her pure and virtuous soul, as, for the *first* time, she started from the couch of dishonour. Yet did not the faithful, tender, agonized Eloisa suffer herself to sink into despair: she had it in her power to bless her Sincerus with liberty and independence. She would fly to present him with those rich gifts which she had purchased for him so fatally to herself.

She snatched the abhorred brilliants from her ears, and threw them from her: she then dressed herself with the neatest simplicity, and set out for Paris. Indescribable are the sensations of her noble yet humiliated soul during her journey. She should once more behold her adored Sincerus! At that transporting idea the rosy tinge of joy revisited her pallid cheeks: but the instantaneous recollection that she

was no longer worthy his love, crimsoned them with the deep blush of shame, which as quickly faded to the death-like hue of despair.

When she stopped at the tremendous gate her fortitude forsook her : she was unable to descend from the coach without assistance. With trembling steps, palpitating heart, and eyes dimmed with tears, she entered the gate—

De cet affreux chateau, palais de la vengeance,
Qui renferme souvent le crime et l'innocence.

The horrible castle where vengeance resides,
And virtue too oft in guilt's dungeon resides.

Eloisa was presented to the governor, who addressed her politely. She had not power to articulate a syllable, but with trembling hand presented the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*. The governor was a humane man, and rejoiced at the good fortune of Sincerus, whom he loved and pitied

He sent for him immediately. When Sincerus beheld the light of the sun and his Eloisa, and was informed that he was at liberty, he was overpowered. He could scarcely sustain Eloisa, who had fainted in his arms. Sincerus soon recovered ; but the lovely restorer of his freedom remained so long without any symptoms of life, that he was greatly alarmed. Just as she was recovering, the governor said,

“ I did not know that you were married ; yet surely, by the tender emotions which I have observed since she came with your liberation, this lovely creature must be your wife.”

Eloisa heard those words : they recalled the horror of her situation, and she fainted again on the bosom of the alarmed Sincerus.

When she came to herself she gave him the commission. Sincerus seemed in a dream. He could scarcely believe his happiness. He said,

“ Dearest Eloisa ! thou comest like a di-

vinity, to give me liberty and honour ! Who was so cruel as to confine me in this dismal place ? and by what happy means hast thou obtained the power of liberating the prisoner, and rewarding the brave ?”

The averted look, deep-dyed blush, and flowing tears of the confused and agonized Eloisa would have confessed the whole of her unhappy story to any one whose knowledge of the world had extended farther than the honest Huron's. He imputed her disorder to illness. She told him who had been his accusers, and hastily passed over her elopement, and recommendation to St. Pouange. After expressing his surprise at the cruelty of the bailiff and the jesuit spy, he continued,

“ And how, my beloved Eloisa, couldst thou remember the uncultivated Huron with affection ? How couldst thou venture, my lovely, faithful maid, to undertake the journey from Lower Brittany to Versailles alone ? Heaven was thy guardian ! Virtuous love was respected, and rewarded with success, By the invincible charms of

beauty and virtue thou hast liberated thy faithful lover, thy *own* Sincerus?"

If tears had not relieved the heart of Eloisa, it must have broken at the words of her Sincerus, who as innocently increased her anguish by saying,

"Now, thou angel of liberty ! since thou hast had sufficient influence to break my chains, I conjure thee to obtain justice for the partner of my dungeon, an excellent old man, who has taught me every thing except ardent, faithful love : *that* I had been taught by thee, my Eloisa ; but he has cultivated my rude ideas, he has rendered me worthy thy love. Solicit——"

"Isollicit ? *whom*, Sincerus ?"

"The generous man who granted thee such favours for me."

"*Him* ! Oh, this is too much !"

"Say not so, my Eloisa ! I love the venerable Gordon with filial affection, nor can I, even with thee, enjoy my freedom without him. Eloisa, dear Eloisa ! let me owe all my blessings to thee alone ! Overpower me with benefits—complete what thou hast

begun : write to this man, so powerful in the state, and perfect thy miracles !”

Eloisa had no consolation in life but that of obliging her lover. She wrote to St. Pouange to request the releasement of Gordon : she visited the venerable prisoner in his cell, ventured to promise him freedom, and departed with Sincerus for the abode of their relations ; for the Abbé de St. Yves she knew resided in the same house with the prior and his sister.

They had scarcely entered the house when Eloisa received a letter from M. de St. Pouange, with an order for the releasement of the good old Gordon. She gave it to Sincerus, and he flew back immediately to the Bastile to liberate his venerable friend. He would not so soon have quitted his Eloisa on any other occasion, nor could she have wished his absence but to indulge herself in secret sorrow, for which she had an additional cause. St. Pouange had made an appointment with her for the evening. What an insult to delicacy ! to Eloisa, who adored Sincerus ! who had courageously and

nobly come forward to liberate two unhappy prisoners!

XII. THE FAMILY MEETING.

The prior and Mademoiselle Kerkabon were sincerely rejoiced to see Eloisa: the abbé also received her with fraternal affection, and imputed his rage to his concern for her honour, which he feared might be injured by her elopement. He told her that the bailiff and his son were gone back to Lower Brittany.

Eloisa had scarcely told them the cause which impelled Sincerus to return to the prison when he entered with Gordon. The meeting of the Kerkabons was extremely tender and interesting, and the Abbé de St. Yves behaved to the young captain as to a destined brother. Joy and gratitude sparkled in the eyes of Sincerus when gazing on Eloisa, while hers, half averted, expressed an embarrassment and misery which greatly surprised every one in company.

The venerable Gordon was dear to whole family ; he had consoled the young prisoner in his affliction, and that was sufficient claim to their regard. The Jansenist grew every moment more reconciled to love, since to Eloisa's for his young pupil he owed his liberty. He said,

“ Alas ! we are liberated, but we have behind us, in that abode of horror, not five hundred virtuous persons, perhaps more rigidly treated than we were when M^{lle} de St. Yves so generously set us free. There they may perish in misery while their distressed friends are strangers to their fate. Ah ! how many hands ready to bind, how few to loosen the bonds of captivity ! ”

This reflexion renewed his expressions of gratitude and admiration to Eloisa, whose soul he thought must be superior in fidelity and intrepidity to any other woman. Poor Eloisa ! she could no longer triumph with innocent delight in the praises bestowed on her before a lover, in whose opinion she was once anxious to be exalted. N

as it were, shrinking with horror from herself, they seemed to rend her heart. The Abbé St. Yves did not *lessen* her painful embarrassments by saying,

“I cannot imagine by what means, my sister, an entire stranger at court could so very soon obtain such vast influence!”

XIII. AN ENVOY FROM THE COURT.

The party were just sat down to supper when Madame Facile arrived from Versailles in a coach and six. She entered the room with a bold, familiar air, embraced Eloisa, just noticed the rest of the party with haughty indifference, and said, half apart to Eloisa,

“I am come to fetch you, my dear. You are wrong to make a person of consequence wait. I have brought your diamond ear-rings with me. How careless you were to leave them on the floor! Put them on, and come with me immediately to Versailles.”

“ Oh, never, never ! *there* my happiness received a mortal wound ! Your advice was my ruin ! ”

The words on both sides were uttered so much above a whisper, that they were overheard. The prior and his sister looked at the diamonds and at each other with the surprise natural to good people who had never beheld such magnificent ornaments before ; the abbé stood in breathless astonishment ; Sincerus saw the pallid look and agitated frame of his Eloisa, he heard her words ! and grew pale. His apprehensions were dreadful, but he endeavoured to conceal them.

Eloisa, in despair at the change which she observed in the expressive countenance of Sincerus, hastily pulled Madame Facile out of the apartment, and throwing the brilliants at her feet, said,

“ Alas ! you know that I was not to be seduced by these baubles ! yet I was betrayed by the treacherous giver ! . Never, never will I see him more ! Oh, give him back these diamonds ! Go, take them to

him; and do not render me still more hateful to myself than I have been made already !”

Madame Facile took up the jewels, not with an intention to restore them to St. Pouange, but for herself; and she immediately stepped into the carriage, reflecting on the remorse which she had witnessed in the favoured beauty, and which was to *her* the most incomprehensible thing in nature.

XIV. CONVERSATION.

The drooping Eloisa was so extremely ill that she could no longer support herself; yet, not willing to interrupt the happiness of Sincerus and her friends, she complained only of fatigue; and assuring them that rest would restore her health and spirits, requested their permission to retire.

Her absence and her too apparent indisposition threw a gloom over their supper: but the gravity of the guests rendered the conversation more interesting; for when

mirth presides, it frequently becomes frivolous and noisy. Gordon gave them the history of Jansenism and Molinism, of their obstinacy, and of the persecutions of one party against the other. Sincerus criticised on both parties, who, not satisfied with the common evils of life, created others, imaginary and absurd. Gordon continued :

“ With what inhuman indifference do potentates and ministers sign the destruction of many innocent families, falsely accused ! and with what barbarous avidity do mercenary officers and executioners persecute, torture, and destroy ! I was acquainted, in my youth, with a worthy man, who, being prosecuted in his own province merely for being related to the illustrious but unfortunate Marshal de Marillac, concealed himself, under a fictitious name, in Paris. This poor man and his wife, the faithful companion of his misfortunes, were both upward of seventy years of age.

“ They had one son, who at the early age of fourteen absconded from his father's house, entered the army, deserted, became

a miserable debauchee, and at last, changing his name, obtained the post of an Ex-empt in the guards attendant on Cardinal Richelieu, and was appointed to arrest the venerable couple, who had unfortunately been discovered. He performed his office with unfeeling obduracy, studying only to oblige his employer. As he was conducting his victims to prison, he heard them deplore their long succession of misfortunes, and, among them, the loss of their son, and his abandoned life. He then recollected his parents in his unfortunate prisoners, acknowledged them, but told them that were he to relax in his severity, it would be acting contrary to the strict commands of the cardinal, whom he was now bound to obey in preference to all the world. His Eminency was informed of his conduct, and rewarded his fidelity.

“A spy, employed by father de la Chaise, betrayed his own brother, a Huguenot, for the sake of a trifling benefice, which, after all, he did not obtain; and I saw him die, not of remorse, but of disappoint-

ment at losing the expected preferment promised him by the holy jesuit.

“ While I performed the sacred office of confessor to several families, I became acquainted with their secrets, and observed that, in general, their greatest troubles originated in an unbounded indulgence of selfish passions, and envy at the success of others.”

“ Well,” said Sincerus, “ I think that a grateful and reasonable man will know when he has cause to be happy. I am certain that I could enjoy permanent felicity with the lovely and amiable Mademoiselle de St. Yves ; and I flatter myself that you, Monsieur l’Abbé, will not now refuse me your consent, as you did last year, when I was a stranger to the manners of this country.”

The abbé declared his perfect approbation of the marriage, and good uncle Kerkabon protested that his nephew’s wedding-day should be the most glorious in his whole life. His sister exclaimed,

“ Ah, so it shall, my brother, be a glorious day ! I was a great fool not to have a

wedding day of my own, before yours, Sincerus : however, I will be a good mother to you and Eloisa. Ah ! I said you would never be a sub-deacon."

The conversation now turned on the nuptials and settlement of the lovers, and the happiness they deserved. It was proposed for them to reside in Paris, and schemes of fortune and grandeur succeeded. The heart of Sincerus was animated with joy, gratitude, and love for his Eloisa, and felt the encomiums paid to her noble conduct with transport : yet sometimes a thrill of dreadful apprehension checked all his promised bliss, when he recollected these fatal words, "*there my happiness received a mortal wound !*" That *wound* must also be mortal to *his* happiness. Who could have wounded the soul of his Eloisa ? The diamonds made but a slight impression on his mind, the words a deep one ; yet he endeavoured to forget them, and be cheerful. He joined in a discourse on the administration ; and with the freedom of convivial conversation, which in France is esteemed the most precious li-

berty obtained upon earth, they gave their *real* opinions of the ministers. The Haron said,

“ I will describe the man whom I would choose for the war department, were I the King of France. He should be a man of noble birth, because it is his place to give orders to some of the first nobility ; he should have distinguished himself bravely in the field, and attained, by his merit, every gradation to that of lieutenant-general, and proved himself worthy of being a marshal of France ; for it is necessary that he should have served himself, to render him a competent-judge of the services of others ; and certainly the officers would obey with much more alacrity a military man, who had signalled himself by his courage, than a mere cabinet minister who never saw a field of battle, though his sense and skill in every other case might be unquestionable. I should wish my minister to be truly liberal, even if my treasury suffered occasionally by his rewards to the brave. I should choose that he should despatch business

with facility, and yet possess that happy tranquillity of mind peculiar to men of superior understanding, and which would render every duty of his situation easy to himself, and advantageous to the nation. Such is the man whom I would choose for a minister, from an opinion I have formed that cruelty can never disgrace an amiable mind."

XV. A SERIOUS ALARM.

While Sincerus was speaking, the Abbé de St. Yves had quitted the room; and wishing to speak a few words with his sister, if she were not asleep, he crept softly into her chamber, but was greatly alarmed at the rapid progress of her disorder. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes rolled with frenzied wildness, while her too quickly throbbing pulse and burning hands were symptoms of a raging fever.

He summoned the party to the chamber with accents of terror. They were all

greatly shocked at the state in which they found the interesting and beautiful girl. Sincerus, pale, and trembling, hung over her in silent anguish, watching in vain for those looks of sensibility so dear to his fond heart.

A physician was sent for immediately: he prescribed a medicine which seemed to increase the disorder. Another was called in, whose prescriptions were calculated to counteract those of the first, but were equally unsuccessful. The physicians were blamed. Alas! they had not skill to expel the corroding anguish which preyed upon her mind: that alone occasioned her disorder, that alone increased its violence, which in two days menaced her life.

The good old Gordon, who was not among the number of rigid philosophers that pride themselves in their insensibility, grieved for the suffering Eloisa as an affectionate father will grieve over his dying child. The Abbé de St. Yves was almost as distracted as his sister, at beholding her in such imminent danger. The prior and

Mademoiselle Kerkabon relieved their afflicted hearts by tears: but it is not in the power of language to express the agonizing sensations of poor Sincerus, as with tearless eyes he watched every turn of her disorder.

His aunt, almost lifeless, supported the dying fair one's head upon her trembling arm; the prior and the abbé were both kneeling at the foot of the bed, devoutly occupied in mental prayers. The senses of Eloisa seemed now to be lost in a gloomy stupor. Sincerus grasped her hand: he bathed it with his tears, which now eased, in some degree, his tortured heart, softened by the awful calm.

Between the sighs which seemed to rend his bosom he called her by these tender epithets:

“ Oh, my adored Eloisa ! life of my life ! my dearer self ! dear guardian angel of thy poor Sincerus, speak ! Oh, speak ! give me some hope that thou wilt live, and be my wife ! ”

A deep sigh heaved her bosom. She

gazed upon him with inexpressible tenderness, then suddenly uttered a most alarming scream of agony ; and after a death-like pause she said faintly,

“ Ah, my Sincerus ! I can never be thy wife ! That name so dear, that wished-for felicity, cannot bless thy Eloisa ! O, thou treasure of my heart ! my *first* and *only* love ! a demon has torn me from thee, and rendered me unworthy of my Sincerus ! Yet, O let me alone be the sacrifice ! Do thou live, and be happy !”

While the afflicted party were reflecting on her mysterious expressions she acquired almost a supernatural courage, and in broken sentences related her wretched, humiliating story ; while her affectionate auditors execrated the treacherous St. Pouange, who they were certain had mingled some intoxicating spirit or drug with the wine she had drank. Sincerus said, with energy,

“ Thou art guiltless, my Eloisa ! Thy pure heart is devoted to virtue and to me ! Live, my adored Eloisa ! Dear victim to

my liberty and honour, live to bless me with thy pure and virtuous love !”

These tender expressions from the lips of her beloved seemed to recal Eloisa from the gates of death. She was still thought worthy of his love ! He did not regard her with horror ! She might yet be happy ! She wished to live, and endeavoured to compose herself, at the request of her tender lover, from whose hand she gratefully received a composing medicine. How flattering was this tranquillity !

XVI. A COURIER FROM VERSAILLES.

While every heart was anxious for the life of Eloisa de St. Yves, a courier arrived from the court with a letter for the prior of Our Lady of the Mountain from the reverend Brother Vadbled, a man of vast consequence in the state at that period, as he was authorised by Father de la Chaise to instruct archbishops, give audiences, promise benefices, and occasionally to issue *lettres de*

cachet; yet the pious brother still condescended to officiate as valet-de-chambre to the holy father jesuit, who wishing to make friends, had commissioned him to write to the prior, which he did as follows :

“ Reverend Prior,

“ His Reverence Father de la Chaise has authorised me to inform you that your nephew, Sincerus Hercules de Kerabon was imprisoned by mistake, which has since been cleared up, and the services he has done the state made known ; therefore the holy father hopes you will think no more of a slight disgrace, occasioned by errors which will unavoidably happen, but come to-morrow, with your nephew, to be honourably presented, and bring with you the good priest Gordon. Ask for me, and I will introduce you to his Reverence and to M. de Louvois, whom I am sure will favour you with a conference in his antechamber.

“ Your nephew’s victory over the Eng-

lish has been made known to the king, and doubtless his majesty, as he passes along the gallery, will vouchsafe to honour the young hero with a gracious nod ; and it will no doubt be very flattering, both to you and Captain de Kerkabon, to hear that the ladies of the court are prepared to favour him. Some will address him politely in the public walks or at the theatres ; others will send for him to attend their toilets ; in short, he will be the reigning favourite at Versailles, and the topic of conversation at the royal petit soupers.

“ I am, reverend prior, your affectionate brother, the Jesuit

“ VADBLED.”

Sincerus suppressed his rage until his uncle had finished the letter, and then turning to Gordon, asked him what he thought of such an epistle. He replied,

“ I think they treat us like monkees : they punish us first, and then want to make us dance for their amusement.”

The Huron resuming his original impetuosity, tore the letter, threw the pieces at the courier, and said,

“ There is *my* answer !”

The prior thought this violent conduct of his nephew would bring anathemas and lettres de cachet upon them all. He followed the courier, apologized for the captain's behaviour, and wrote a very grateful answer to Brother Vaddled.

XVII. THE LAST LOOK.

Eloisa grew more and more languid—she was sensible of her approaching death. The loss of her honour alone could reconcile to the loss of her life, in the full bloom of youth, and to the parting with Sincerus, of whose love she now thought herself unworthy. An awful serenity composed her beautiful features, yet the tears of pity for her despairing friends fell upon their hands as she pressed them to her lips.

When she looked at her beloved Since-

rus, and beheld his agony—when she heard his tender expressions and his fervent prayers for her life, she wished to live, but felt it could not be ! Fixing her eyes on her distressed lover, she said, in faltering accents,

“ Oh ! my beloved Sincerus ! death tears me from thee, but I leave thee not in captivity ! That thought consoles me. I am blessed with thy love, and shall die in peace. Oh ! Sincerus !—farewell !”—

Poor Sincerus ! He had heard her *last word* ! he had seen her *last look* ! He gazed—he listened still——Eloisa was dead ! He perceived it, and fell senseless by her side.

Gordon alone possessed sufficient presence of mind to remove every weapon of destruction out of the way, while his beloved pupil continued in a state of insensibility. He knew his disposition, and dreaded the fatal effects of his grief. He had also the precaution to summon assistance, and remove him from the dismal chamber while he was incapable of resisting.

The prior and the abbot, with streaming eyes and trembling lips, were praying devoutly for the soul of the departed, while the truly afflicted Mademoiselle Kerkabon kneeled by them, with her head reclined upon the bed of death, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

When Sincerus recovered, no tears fell from his eyes, no sigh escaped his lips. He arose calmly, and went to the place where he kept his sword and double-barrelled fusée, which had been restored to him. He found them not; and guessing why they had been removed, said to Gordon,

“Who upon earth has the right to prevent me from terminating a miserable existence?”

“Every one who wishes thee to meet thy angelic Eloisa in a blissful eternity. Tear not thyself *for ever* from her! Live for eternal happiness and Eloisa!”

These few words had more effect than the longest sermon which he could have preached against suicide. Sincerus sat down quietly: grief chilled his heart, and his whole

frame shivered : he uttered no lamentations, the anguish he *felt* was unutterable.

XVIII. REMORSE.

The cold remains of the beautiful sacrifice of unbridled passion lay in the hall, ready for interment. At the head of the bier stood an urn of consecrated water, with which two priests, who stood on either side, praying for the departed, frequently sprinkled the pallid corse, at the feet of which stood the venerable Gordon.

The whirl of a coach and six driving up to the door disturbed the silence of this awful scene, and Madame Facile entered the hall of mourning with the elegant St. Pouange !

His love for Eloisa had taken such possession of his heart, that he came resolved to offer her his hand as an atonement for his crime, and to purchase the consent of her relatives by honours and pensions. He

started at seeing the bier, and was passing to the stairs with that disgust a man of pleasure always feels at the sight of death, when his hasty steps were arrested by a scream of horror from Madame Facile, who exclaimed,

“ O, my God ! Eloisa de St. Yves ! ”

St. Pouange, trembling, approached the bier. Surprise, disappointment, sorrow, and remorse seized at once upon his soul. Gordon knew St. Pouange, and wiping his tearful eyes, related the sufferings and death of Eloisa with all the pathetic energy which affection, sense, and truth could inspire, and then in the same impressive manner represented the despair of Sincerus.

St. Pouange listened to Gordon's melancholy narrative with his eyes fixed on the pale victim of his guilt. His heart was not hardened by age, nor quite corrupted by the vices of youth. Without reflexion he had plunged into the fashionable torrent of pleasure, and overwhelmed the virtues of his soul. In this awful pause he had time to reflect ; he became acquainted with him-

self. He shed tears of remorse: he repented sincerely; and wishing to make reparation, by all that was *now* in his power, for his crimes, he said to Gordon,

“ Venerable father, I must see the extraordinary young man whom I have rendered miserable: he affects me more than this innocent victim, for he exists to lament her death. I will perish by his hand, or share his sorrow !”

Gordon entreated him not to present himself before Captain de Kerkabon, who they were obliged to keep without arms lest he should attempt his own life. St. Ponange, however, had gained the door of the chamber: he beheld Sincerus extended upon a couch, apparently lifeless, surrounded by his friends, who were endeavouring to restore life to the noble, manly, form which he had blighted in the prime of youth. It was too much: he retired precipitately, gave a look at the bier, on which his victim was extended, which expressed the anguish of his heart, and returned to his house in the most gloomy despair.

He confided the story to M. de Louv who visited Sincerus, and called him to action. Time and the business of the war softened the poignancy of his grief. He never forgot Eloisa. To talk of her to Gordon, who resided with him, seemed to him his greatest consolation.

The prior and the abbot were present with good livings; nor was the venerable Gordon forgotten in the distribution of ecclesiastical preferments. Sincerus devoted his life to military exercises, and has been renowned as a philosopher in peace, and an intrepid conqueror in war.

End of the Huron.

MEMNON ;

OR,

HUMAN WISDOM.

XIX. EXCELLENT RESOLUTIONS.

Memnon one day conceived the insensate idea of becoming perfectly wise, a madness which most men are infected with at one time or other. He said to himself,

“To become very wise, and of course very happy, to control the passions is all which is necessary, and that may be easily done. To begin with love—When I see a beautiful woman, I will reflect thus: how soon those cheeks will lose their bloom, and that fair skin grow sallow and wrinkled ! Those love-beaming eyes will lose their lustre; that elegant form bend tottering over a crutch ; and those dark, glossy ringlets,

whitened by the frost of age, fall from the declining head. By this means the most perfect beauty, smiling in youthful charms, will not have power to captivate me, as I shall already behold her in all the deformity of old age.

“ In the second place, I will never be guilty of intemperance. The luxurious board, delicious wines, and convivial guests shall be no temptations for me, because I will reflect on the consequences that attend excess: an aching head, disordered stomach, the loss of time, health, and reason. I will only supply the wants of nature; I shall then enjoy perfect health, my mind will be serene, and my ideas brilliant. It requires no effort to avoid excess.

“ And in regard to fortune, my wishes are moderate. What money I possess is well secured with the receiver-general of the finances in Nineveh. I have sufficient to render me independent, and that is the greatest blessing in life. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of attending levees. I shall envy no man, nor shall I be

envied. I have friends, and I will preserve them, by not giving them cause to dispute with me. If I am never out of humour with them, they will certainly behave well to me. There is no difficulty in observing all this.

XX. BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

After Memnon had arranged his plans of wisdom in his chamber, he went to the window, and beheld two women walking beneath the shade of the plane-trees facing his house. One was old, and appeared tranquil ; the other was young, handsome, and seemed greatly agitated. She sighed, she wept, and her distress rendered her still more interestingly beautiful.

The philosopher was affected, not with the beauty of the lady, (he had armed himself against *that weakness*,) but he felt for her distress. He went immediately to the fair Ninevite, and addressed her politely,

hoping to console her with the words of wisdom.

The lovely young creature in the most artless and interesting manner recounted the injuries she had sustained from a wicked uncle (who never existed), who had defrauded her of a fortune (she never inherited), and now threatened to treat her with a severity which she dreaded. She then added,

“ You appear, Sir, to be a gentleman of great wisdom ; will you condescend to assist me with your advice ? I will explain myself more fully if it is convenient for you to accompany me home. It will no doubt be in your power to extricate me from my present embarrassment.”

Memnon thought it would be cruel to hesitate : it was an act of humanity to give all the consolation and assistance in his power to a young creature in distress. He followed her with alacrity. The afflicted beauty led him into a perfumed apartment, and politely made him sit with her upon a large sofa after the eastern fashion.

She began her pathetic tale with modest

blushes, downcast and tearful eyes, and a manner so impressive, that every word penetrated the heart of the wise philosopher. Lost in the contemplation of her charms, he soothed the *young* beauty, and totally forgot by the magical influence of fancy to transform her into an *old* fright, and wisely escape the artful snares of love.

Sorrow softened *her* heart, compassion *his*; she leaned her languid head upon his sympathising bosom; he kissed the tears from her cheeks. She was no longer *sad*, nor Memnon *wise*. When a fierce figure, armed from head to foot, entered the room, threatening to kill them both: she screamed, “ Ah, my uncle !” and flew from his rage, which all fell upon Memnon, who, being unarmed, was obliged to purchase his life with what money and valuables he had about him, and went from the perfumed apartment rejoiced that he had made so good a bargain.

XXI. CONVIVIALITY.

Memnon had no sooner escaped the danger, and arrived safe at his own house, than he felt himself overwhelmed with shame and despair. In this state he received an invitation to dine with a party of his most intimate friends. He said,

“ If I stay here alone, my mind will be continually harassed by my disagreeable adventure, I shall have no appetite, and fret myself ill. I had much better go and enjoy a comfortable repast with my social friends; their chearful conversation will dissipate my thoughts from my foolish affair in the morning.”

He joined his friends, who observing that his spirits were depressed, made him drink wine to banish melancholy. Wine, taken in moderation, enlivens the soul and strengthens the body, thought Memnon the wise, and soon became intoxicated. After

dinner, play was proposed. What can be a more agreeable relaxation than a pleasant game of chance with a friend? Memnon played.

In a short time he lost all the money with which he had replenished his purse. He continued, and owed his good friend four times as much on his word of honour. A warm dispute at length arose concerning the game; they were all inflamed with wine. An intimate friend threw a dice-box at Memnon, which struck against his eye, and it was darkened for ever. Deprived of his money, his senses, and of one eye, the convivial friends carried home the wise Memnon.

XXII. BANKRUPTCY.

In the morning, when Memnon had recovered from the fumes of the wine, he sent his valet to the receiver-general of the finances for money to discharge his debt of honour. The servant returned with the

fatal news that the receiver-general had just been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, which reduced a hundred families to extreme poverty.

Memnon, almost distracted, resolved to petition his majesty. He drew up his memorial, put a bandage over his eye, and set out for the court to solicit justice of the king against the bankrupt.

XXIII. THE WISE MEMNON AT COURT.

Memnon found many ladies in the saloon who gracefully managed their hoops of an immense circumference. One, with whom he was slightly acquainted, gave an oblique glance, and exclaimed, "Ah! what a one-eyed fright!" Another more intimate acquaintance said, "Good day, Monsieur Memnon! I am glad to see you at court; but it is a pity you came with a bandage over your eye." A gay and beautiful marchioness said, "Ah! my dear Memnon, how are you? Heavens! what have you

done to your eye?" then sailed away, followed by a train of beaux, without waiting for an answer.

Memnon concealed himself in a corner of the saloon, and waited for the appearance of his majesty unnoticed by the gay crowd. At length the king arrived. Memnon prostrated himself at the feet of Majesty, and humbly presented his petition. The august sovereign received it graciously, and gave it immediately to one of his retinue, whom he desired to remind him of it. The nobleman just glanced his eye over it, and then with a sardonic smile and haughty manner he said apart to Memnou,

"Monsieur with the one eye, you have done wisely for yourself in addressing the king rather than me; and still more wisely, in presuming to demand justice against an honest bankrupt whom I honour with my protection to oblige my lovely mistress, as he is nephew to her chamber-maid; therefore think no more of this affair, my good friend, if you wish to preserve the only eye that you possess."

XXIV. INDIGENCE, SCORN, AND ILLNESS.

Petrified with astonishment at such treatment, despairing, and wounded to the heart, Memnon left the palace, and on his way home reflected on the excellent resolutions he had formed the day before—to defy the power of women ; to guard against intemperance and quarrels ; preserve his independence, and not solicit favours at court : yet in so short a time after, he had suffered himself to be duped by a woman, and robbed, been intoxicated, lost deeply at play, had his eye knocked out in a quarrel, was reduced to poverty, and had solicited a favour at court, where he had received nothing but contempt.

When he arrived at his house, he was repulsed at the door by the officers of justice, who had seized upon all his property for the benefit of his creditors. Driven from his home, he sank, overpowered with grief, at

the foot of a plane-tree, and soon beheld the distressed beauty walking very lovingly with her pretended uncle. She looked scornfully at him, then laughing heartily, derided his queer appearance with only one eye, while poor Memnon was too faint and weak to reproach her for such unfeeling behaviour. Night came on, and the houseless Memnon crept to a barn belonging to his own dwelling, and lay down upon straw, where he felt every symptom of a raging fever. His uneasy slumbers were disturbed by strange visions. The following was so remarkable, that it made a lasting impression on his mind,

XXV. THE GENIE ALL-WINGS.

A spirit of celestial radiance hovered near him, which seemed composed solely of six resplendent wings, without a head or any part of the human frame. Memnon said,

“Beautiful wings! why do you hover over the unhappy Memnon?”

“ I am thy good genie.”

“ Oh, thou kind genie All-wings, restore my eye, my health, my fortune, and my wisdom !”

He then related in what manner he had been deprived of those blessings, and in how short a time. . The genie replied,

“ We have ~~no~~ such misfortunes in the world I inhabit.”

“ Ah ! what excellent world is that ?”

“ Thou mayest distinguish it from hence : it is a little star near Sirius, five hundred millions of leagues from the sun.”

“ O, the happy world ! Have you no jilts to deceive unhappy men, no intimate friends to win their money and put out their eyes, no bankrupts to embezzle their fortune, and no courtiers to deride their misery and refuse them justice ?”

“ No ; the inhabitants of our star are exempt from all which thou hast mentioned. We cannot be deceived by women, because there are not such beings among us ; intemperance can never injure spirits, who exist without food ; and not being formed like

mortals, but composed of luminous wings, we have no eyes to be put out; and bankrupts can never embezzle our fortunes, because we have no use for gold or silver. As to derision and injustice, we know not what they are, for harmony and equality reign among the happy beings in our little star."

"But tell me, gracious spirit, how you can pass your time without regular meals, and the enlivening conversation of women?"

"We have sufficient employment in watching over other worlds which are confided to our care. I am come now to console thee."

"Ah! why did you not come yesterday, to *prevent* me from committing so many follies?"

"I was with thy elder brother Assan, who is more deserving of pity than thou art. His gracious majesty of India, at whose court thy brother has the honour of residing, was offended with him for some trifling

indiscretion, and condemned him to lose both his eyes, to be fettered hands and feet, and confined in a dungeon."

"Poor Assan! Is it possible that a good genie should be appointed to watch over our family, and yet suffer one brother to lose his right eye, and lie sick and indigent upon straw, and another to lose both his eyes, and languish, fettered, in a dungeon!"

"Repine not; thy fate will soon be changed, and thou mayest be happy, although the sight of thy right eye can never be restored, provided thou wilt not aspire to perfect wisdom."

"Alas! and it is impossible for mortals to arrive at that blessing?"

"As impossible as it is for them to arrive at the perfections of a Deity, or at celestial happiness in a state of mortality. Even *we* cannot attain those blessings, for we are far from the world of perfection, which is situated above a hundred thousand millions of inferior worlds, which decrease in wisdom

and happiness in a regular gradation, until the inhabitants of the last are scarcely a degree above fools and madmen."

"Ah! good spirit! I am much afraid that this terraqueous globe is ~~that~~ inferior one which you have just mentioned."

"Not *quite* the inferior one, but not far removed from it. They all keep their stations."

"Then surely the philosophers and poets must be in an error, when they say that 'whatever *is* is *right*.' Are they not mistaken?"

"No, for the decrees of the universal Ruler are all perfect."

"O, I shall never think so till I recover the sight of my right eye!" said the agonized Memnon, starting from his bed of straw, and looking in vain for the good ~~genie~~ All-wings, whose luminous form had fled with his transient slumber.—

Thus concludes Memnon; or, Human Wisdom.

JEANNOT AND COLLIN ;

A

A

SIMPLE STORY.



XXYI. THE YOUNG SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

Jeannot, the son of a reputable dealer in mules, and Collin, who owed his existence to a substantial farmer, who, after cultivating his land with the assistance of four mules, and paying taxes and duties at the rate of one sol per pound, did not reckon himself very rich at the year's end, were both sent to school in their native town of Isoire in Auvergne, famous for its college and its cauldrons.

The youths were extremely handsome, and had a sincere friendship for each other.

They were continually occupied in those reciprocal kindnesses of boyish intimacies which, when arrived to manhood, are recollected with pleasure and affection, if, even after a long absence, they happen to meet in the world.

The young friends had nearly completed their studies when a tailor arrived at the school with an elegant and well-fancied suit for Jeannot, and a letter addressed to him, not in his usual rustic style, but for 'Monsieur de la Jeannotiere.'

Collin admired the fine clothes without feeling a spark of envy; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority and reserve, which rendered the honest and affectionate Collin rather uneasy. Jeannot neglected his studies, contemplated his fine person in the glass, and despised all his schoolfellows.

In a short time a smart valet-de-chambre arrived post from Paris with a letter addressed to the young *Marquis de la Jeannotiere*, which contained an order from his father to set out immediately with the scr-

vant, to meet him at the capital. When the carriage was ready, the youthful marquis gave his hand to Collin, assuming all the self-consequence of a patron, and drove off, proudly exulting in his newly-acquired state and title ; while poor Collin felt his own insignificancy, and wept for the friend from whom, until now, he had never been separated. He wrote a letter of the kindest congratulations on the good fortune of his beloved friend, but the young marquis did not condescend to answer it ; and Collin, whose heart was replete with tenderness, was so greatly afflicted at the unkindness of his old companion, that it occasioned him a fit of illness.

XXVII. RICHES SOON ACQUIRED.

It must cause some wonder that honest Farmer Jeannot should acquire a fortune and a title in so short a time. He had been for some years engaged in a law-suit, which

In the end ruined him, and obliged both himself and his wife to go to Paris on business concerning their suit. The farmer had the good luck to be very handsome, and so had his wife, which recommended them to an army-contractor and *his* wife. They became mutually attached to each other, a partnership succeeded between the husbands, the war increased their business, and of course their *fortune* rapidly.

When your bark sails smoothly with the wind and tide down the stream of Fortune, success is certain ; riches accumulate ; envy and poverty, amazed at your prosperity, vent their malice in libels which you never read. This happens to all who grow suddenly very opulent ; and it happened to the rich Marquis de la Jeannotiere, who, however, expended a large portion of his newly-acquired wealth in the purchase of his marquisate, hoping that the ruined Farmer Jeannot would be totally forgotten in the noble marquis ; and as his son was a very handsome youth, he sent for him to figure

in fashionable life, in which he hoped soon to see him extremely admired.

XXVIII. FASHIONABLE TUITION.

The Marquis and Marchioness de la Jeannotiere immediately engaged an abbé of courtly manners, and of the younger branch of a noble family, as tutor to their son. The tutor could instruct his pupil in the most fashionable phrases and pronunciation, in gallantry, and all the favourite games played in the politest circles: his talents for tuition extended no farther.

The marquis wished his son to learn Latin, the marchioness was against it; and they agreed to advise on the subject with an author who had established rather a brilliant reputation by some entertaining works. They sent him an invitation for dinner.

When the servants had withdrawn, the marquis said,

“ Sir, as you are conversant with the court, are a great author, and understand Latin——”

“ Indeed, marquis, I do *not* understand Latin, and think my wit the brighter, and my own language the purer, for not incumbering my brains with the *dead* languages; and I can give the ladies as a proof that I think *justly*, for is it not certain that their conversation is more fluent and agreeable, their wit more brilliant, and their letters far more entertaining than the men’s? and assure yourself that they owe their superiority over us in these points merely to their not studying Greek and Latin.”

“ Well, then, I was right,” exclaimed the marchioness with exultation. “ I wish my son to be a wit, and to render himself successful and agreeable in the great world, and you hear that horrid Latin would ruin him. I wonder how you could think of it, my dear marquis! Do lawyers plead in Latin? Are our plays and operas acted in Latin? or pray do men make love in odious Latin?”

“Well, well, my love, you never argue in vain : he shall not mis-spend his time with the old dead Romans, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, he shall read only the fashionable living authors of his native land. Yet, as it is necessary for him to learn something, suppose he studies geography ?”

“O, noble marquis ! what can a young man of quality have to do with geography ? Will not his postillions know the road from Paris to Versailles, and to every other fashionable retreat, without my noble pupil having the least trouble ?”

“That is very true, Monsieur l’Abbé. Then you shall teach my son astronomy ; I have heard people say it is a very sublime study.”

“Bless me, my dear ! who regulates their actions by the stars in these days ?”

“Or why,” said the abbé, “should the marquis puzzle his head to calculate an eclipse, when he can find it ready calculated in the almanack, where he will also find the moveable feasts, the changes of the moon,

and the ages of all the princesses in Europe?"

"What, then, is my son to learn?"

"To be agreeable," replied the author. "He must learn the art of pleasing, which he will soon acquire in the company of the amiable marchioness."

"My dear Sir," said the lady, with a smile of thanks, "you have such a complete knowledge of the world, that I am sure my son will be greatly indebted to you for the embellishments of his education. But do you not think he should be a little acquainted with history?"

"Upon my honour, marchioness, all history beyond that of the day is neither useful nor entertaining. Ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is composed only of strange fables invented by men; and as to the modern, it is a confused chaos, where nothing of consequence to the marquis is to be found. Are Charlemagne, the twelve peers of France, whom he instituted, or his stammering successor, ever made topics of conversation at court?"

“ Never, never !” exclaimed the tutor ;
“ nor is it just to bury the genius of a young nobleman beneath a heap of abstruse sciences ; nor should he be perplexed by *learning* difficult arts, which a rich man of quality should only *patronize*, and evince his knowledge and fine taste by liberally encouraging the most celebrated artists and professors.”

The conversation was carried much farther by the author and the abbé, and the marchioness, whose beauty had introduced her into the higher circles, at last settled the point, that as the young marquis could not shine at court without the graces, he should immediately learn to dance.

XXIX. A POET OF QUALITY.

Nature had given the young marquis an agreeable voice for singing, which his rank in life gave him an opportunity of displaying to the greatest advantage. This talent, added to a handsome face, fine person, and

the graces, rendered him an amazing favourite with the ladies, and inspired his Parents with the brightest hopes.

The ambitious youth was not contented with being only a singer of enchanting ballads, he aspired to be the writer of them, and began by selecting words, rhymes, and ideas from some of the most admired compositions in that line: but when he had selected his materials, unfortunately he knew not how to arrange them into metre. He tried them various ways, but regularity and harmony were always wanting. The good abbé, his tutor, extricated him from this great difficulty, by recommending a poet, who readily agreed to correct all the songs which the marquis chose to select at the moderate stipend of twenty louis d'ors per song, short or long, one with another; and the young Marquis de la Jeannotiere became as famous in the annals of literature as most of the fashionable poets of the day.

XXX. NUPTIAL PREPARATIONS.

The marchioness, proud of being the mother of a celebrated wit, had for some time given splendid petit soupers to all the wits in Paris. Surrounded by grandeur, pleasure, and flatterers, the intoxicated young man talked at random with *les bels-esprits*, and made love to *les belles dames*.

The marquis, seeing him shine as an orator, wished he had at least learned *law Latin*, that he might have purchased a lucrative place for him at the bar. The marchioness was ambitious to see her son rank highly in the army, and resolved to procure a commission for him. As to the youth himself, he thought that a person of his age, rank, and fortune had time for no other occupation but gallantry.

The magnificent style in which the marquis lived made his chateau a favourite resort for all who passed their time in fashion-

able dissipation ; and when the son beheld such an example of profusion in his parents, it was no wonder that he followed it. Among the ladies whom he admired was a young widow of very high rank. She was extremely beautiful ; but her fortune being very moderate, she wished to increase it by a marriage with the handsome heir of the rich Marquis de la Jeannotiere.

It required but little art in a beautiful woman to captivate the young man, which the widow soon did by flattering him ; and by insinuations of her prudence, and the immense fortune which she had to manage, added to the powerful assistance of an elderly lady, engaged his parents to propose the match in a very short time, for they were eager to gain such an advantageous alliance for their son.

Nothing was talked of but the splendid wedding. The young marquis adored his intended bride, who returned his passion with equal ardour. They were congratulated by the friends of both families on the near prospect of their mutual felicity.

The lawyers were engaged to draw up the marriage articles, the wedding clothes were making, and all the Parisian poets were composing epithalamiums for the happy festival.

XXXI. A SUDDEN CRASH.

The happy lover was enjoying the society of the charming woman whom he hoped in a few days to call his own, and they were planning many schemes for their future happiness, when they were most alarmingly interrupted by the abrupt entrance of a principal domestic belonging to the marquis, who in great terror exclaimed,

“ I have brought sad news, sad news, indeed, my poor young marquis ! The officers of justice are tearing away all the fine furniture ! They say the creditors have put an execution into our superb chateau ! Oh, I must run back to see if I can

secure my wages, but I thought it best to inform you and her ladyship of the dreadful misfortune."

The astonished pair stood gazing at each other with looks of horror. The young man could neither interrupt the servant, nor detain him to hear more. When he recovered his speech, he said,

"What can he mean? My father's castle stripped! and by creditors! Impossible! it *cannot* be!"

"I *hope* it cannot: but at any rate it is your duty to go home and enquire into this mysterious affair. If it should be through any mistake, you may punish the villains. Go and learn the particulars."

When he arrived at the despoiled castle, he was informed, by a stranger, that the servants were all run away in different directions, carrying with them any valuables they could lay hands on in the confusion, to indemnify them for their lost wages.

"Where are my parents?"

"The marquis is in prison."

“ In prison ! Oh, heaven ! and my dear mother ? ”

“ The marchioness is somewhere about the castle, I believe.”

The afflicted son ran from room to room : at length he found her deploring her altered situation with sighs and tears. She sat alone in her dressing-room, despoiled of all its elegance, without assistance, without comfort, wounded to the heart by the poignant remembrance of her dissipated fortune, her faded beauty, her errors, and her extravagance. Her son wept with her, and sincerely sympathised in her distress. After some time he started up, and said,


“ My dear mother, why should we give way thus to despair ? Am I not tenderly beloved by one who is rich and generous ? She will be an affectionate daughter to you, and sooth your affliction ; she will fetch you herself from this desolated place. I will fly to her, tell her your distress, and engage for her kindness.”

XXXII. CONTEMPT.

Pleasing himself with the idea of a fond reception, the young marquis flew to his intended bride, whom he found very tranquilly seated by an elegant young officer, Addressing her impoverished lover with cold indifference, she said,

“ O ! is it you, M. de la Jeannotiere ? I am surprised to see you here *now* ! For shame ! How can you forsake your poor unfortunate mother in her distress ? I am sure I pity her ; and if she will take the place of my chambermaid, which is vacant, tell her she shall have the preference ; for really, poor woman, I wish her to be comfortable, and not pining in prison with her husband, unhappy creature ! ”

“ And as for you, young man, if you will enlist as a private in my regiment, you may depend on good treatment and encouragement when you have learned your



exercise, and can make good use of your musket."

How could the indignant youth resent these insults, when one was uttered by a lady, and the other by a prince of the blood royal? He quitted the room in silent scorn.

XXXIII. THE PRIESTS.

The half-distracted marquis went to communicate his distress to his tutor, who advised him to enter a convent, take orders, and then become a governor to a young nobleman as *he* had been. The youth replied,

"Alas! you have ruined me by keeping me in ignorance! What can *I* teach Monsieur L'Abbé?"

"Why to be sure you are younger than I was, and not so well acquainted with the beau monde. But do not condemn me; remember that I educated you to be a marquis, and not to *earn* your daily bread."

"Write romances, marquis," said a wit who happened to be present. "You have gained some celebrity as a poet; and I assure you to turn author is an admirable resource for a young man in Paris."

He left his calm advisers, to reflect on his misfortune, and went to a Theatin who was his mother's confessor, and in such high reputation, that he directed the consciences of none but ladies of the first quality. The pious father, before he could say benedicté! to the poor young man, exclaimed, in great surprise,

"Holy saints preserve me! Why marquis! have you been walking through the mud? What has happened to your carriage? How does the good marchioness, our noble mother?"

The unfortunate youth with sobs and tears related the distresses of his parents, while the pious idolizer of the great and affluent heard him with impatient and chilling indifference. At length rising from his easy chair, he asked,

“ Has the marchioness no resource separate fortune ? ”

“ None, none ! all is lost ! ”

“ Well, young man, riches too corrupt the heart. Heaven, in its m has reduced yourself and parents to gary, and it becomes you to bear it patience and humility. May you : happier in the world to come ! ”


“ But, holy father, advise me ; tell how I may procure some comfort for poor mother in *this* world. ”

“ My son, farewell ! a lady of the is waiting for me. ”

XXXIV. TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

After running from friend to friend had shared their magnificence, and fessed the *sincerest* regard, the poor quis, shocked at the cold, not to say temptuous looks and behaviour which met with in the circle of fashion, scarcely support his agitated frame.

As he was walking along a road



Paris, in the deepest despair, not knowing whither to direct his weary steps for advice or assistance, his eyes were insensibly fixed on an old-fashioned chaise, followed by four waggons heavily laden. In the chaise was seated a young and rustic pair, whose cheerful faces were adorned with the bloom of health and the smiles of content. As their carriage did not whirl by with the velocity of a courtier's chariot on its way to Versailles, the rustics had time to observe the trembling steps, dishevelled hair, and despairing look of the marquis ; and the young man exclaimed,

“ Good heaven ! how like Jeannot ! ”

The marquis started at his name, and looked earnestly at the rustic, who leaped out of the chaise, and embraced him tenderly, shedding tears of joy, and exclaiming,

“ It is Jeannot ! it is my dear friend ! ”

“ Collin ! ” said the marquis, the blush of shame glowing on his pallid face.

“ Yes, it is thy faithful Collin ! Forgive

me ! thou art a great man, and I ought not to have been so familiar : yet although thou dost despise *me*, I can never cease to love thee, my dear school-fellow."

Jeannot, more and more confounded at his kindness, returned his embrace most affectionately, and with faltering voice and tearful eyes revealed the unhappy situation of his parents and himself. His honest *rustic* friend said, not without some sympathetic tears,

" Dear Jeannot, come with us to the inn where we shall put up ; it is not far off : we will walk together. This is my wife ; embrace my kind Suzette : she has often pitied me for the loss of my friend, and I am sure will rejoice now I have found him."

The wife of Collin was not tall, and rather embonpoint. Her brown complexion was animated by a good colour, fine teeth, and large dark eyes, which truly expressed that love and felicity dwelt in her heart. She chose to walk with her Collin and his

friend, and the heavy waggons moved slowly after them. The marquis asked,

“ Does all this baggage belong to thee, Collin ?”

“ To Suzette and I. I am established in an extensive manufactory for tin and copper vessels of all sorts, and Suzette’s father is a merchant who deals very largely in those goods. The contents of the four waggons are for his warehouses, and we came up with them ourselves to pay our duty to him.

“ We carry on an immense trade ; heaven blesses our industry : we are happy ourselves, and will render our friend Jeannot happy. Thou shalt change the splendour of high life for a rustic habitation and a sincere friend. Return with me to Issoire ; drop the title of Marquis ; I will teach you the easiest part of my business, and take you into partnership. O then, Jeannot, we will live as merrily, in the remote spot where we were born, as we did when school-boys !”

Joy and grief, tenderness, shame,

various contending emotions agitated the bosom of Jeannot. He reflected on the behaviour of those fashionable *friends*, for whom, in his grandeur, he had neglected Collin, the sincere and affectionate companion of his childhood : what a lesson he had received ! He had learned more truly how to appreciate the world, since his misfortunes, than in his whole life previous to them. The follies and dissipations of the gay world, in which he had lived so long, had not totally destroyed the innate virtues of his heart ; they were only in a torpid state, and the animating warmth of *true* friendship roused them into action. He felt the most grateful sentiments for the kindness of Collin, but objected to the leaving his parents in their distress. Collin exclaimed, with energy,

“ *Leave* them ! by no means ! Take the chaise, and fetch your mother immediately to dine with us. She shall stay here, and we will do all we can to render her comfortable ; and as to your father, I understand business, and will release him soon,

by bringing his creditors to a compromise."

Jeannot had the pleasure of seeing his mother soothed into tranquillity by the attentive and affectionate Suzette, and his father liberated, in a few days, by the indefatigable Collin, who also, upon their arrival at Issoire, established the parents of his friend in the very farm they formerly occupied. Jeannot observed that his little playfellow, the sister of Collin was grown a lovely girl, and that her disposition was like her brother's. In her infancy he loved the pretty Zelia, and called her his little wife. She became so in reality.

The marquis, the marchioness, and the young marquis their son, were titles which, like their pomp and riches, had passed away as a dream; and *Farmer Jeannot*, his wife, and his son were all perfectly convinced that true felicity is not the companion of state.

The end of Jeannot and Collin.

THE PRINCESS OF BABYLON,

A

*SATYRICAL ROMANCE.*XXXV. THE KING, THE PALACE, AND
THE PRINCESS.

Belus, king of Babylon, imagined him to be the greatest sovereign upon the earth because his courtiers told him that he was, and the historiographers confirmed their assertions and his vanity, by informing the world that the city of Babylon had been built by his predecessors above thirty thousand years before his reign, and that he had greatly embellished that superb city.

His palace was situated a few parasangs from the city : it measured three thousand

feet in width, and the turrets seemed to reach the sky; the platform was surrounded by a colonnade of white marble, which supported colossean statues of all the kings and great men of the empire. On the platform were planted various fragrant trees and flowering shrubs, forming empowered walks impervious to the sun.

The Euphrates and the Tigris washed the enchanting banks of an extensive garden, and supplied it with a variety of beautiful canals, surprising fountains, and cascades. This garden was far superior to that of Semiramis, which was the wonder of Asia, many ages after; for the prodigies in her days equalled not those of the ancients, as the works of nature and art began to degenerate.

But the Princess Formosanta, the only daughter of Belus, surpassed every thing most admirable in Babylon. She was so exquisitely beautiful, that the sculptors and painters of succeeding time poured from hers their statues and pictures of the Paphian queen. Yet, O how far did the ori-

ginal exceed the copies ! The king was prouder of his daughter than he was of his dominions. She had nearly numbered her eighteenth year, but no husband worthy of Formosanta could be found.

The oracle had declared that he alone, who had strength to bend the bow of Nimrod the mighty hunter, was destined for the daughter of Belus. This tremendous bow was seventeen Babylonian feet in length, and formed of ebony, harder than the iron of Mount Caucasus which is wrought in the forges of Derbent. No mortal since the death of Nimrod could bend his bow.


It was also declared by the oracle that he who bent the famous bow would slay the most ferocious lion that ever had been encountered in the Circus of Babylon ; that he would excel in magnificence, wisdom, and prudence, overcome all his rivals, and possess the greatest rarity in the world.

XXXVI. THE ROYAL SUITORS.

Three sovereigns demanded Formosanta in marriage: Pharaoh King of Egypt, the King of India, and the great Khan of the Scythians. Belus immediately appointed the place where the tournament was to be held, and the day.

In an extensive plain beyond his garden the lists were marked out, and a superb amphitheatre of marble was erected, large enough to contain five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the center of this building was placed a throne for the King and Princess of Babylon, and several others, on either side, for the royal suitors and sovereigns who might wish to be present at the august ceremony.

The first who arrived was the Egyptian monarch, mounted upon the bull Apis. He held in his hand the cithern of Isis. He was attended by two thousand priests,



robed in white ; then followed magicians, eunuchs, and warriors, of *each two* thousand.

After him appeared the king of India, in a magnificent car drawn by twelve elephants, and his train was superior in number even to Pharaoh's, and far more splendid.

Lastly came the Khan of the Scythians, accompanied by a numerous band of chosen warriors, armed with bows and arrows. This sovereign was mounted upon a beautiful tiger which he had tamed. The noble beast equalled in height the finest Persian horse. The khan far exceeded his rivals in stature and graceful proportion : his naked arms, nervous and white, seemed formed by nature to bend the bow of Nimrod.

The monarchs prostrated themselves before Belus and Formosanta. The King of Egypt presented the princess with two fine crocodiles of the Nile, two sea-horses, two zebras, two Egyptian rats, two mummies, and with the books of the great Hermes, which he imagined were the most valuable rarities in the universe.

The sovereign of India requested her acceptance of a hundred elephants, each bearing a tower superbly gilt, and laid at her feet the Vedam, written by the hand of Xaca.

The Khan of the Scythians, who was a stranger to writing and books, presented her with a hundred warlike horses, with housings of black fox-skins.

The beautiful Formosanta received the gifts from her royal lovers with the blushing modesty so enchanting in her sex, and the graceful dignity suitable to her exalted rank.

5

XXXVII. A NEW LOVER.

The king of Babylon ordered that the three sovereigns might be conducted to the thrones prepared for them, and said, very warmly,

“I wish heaven had blessed me with three daughters, and then I could have this day rendered six persons happy.”

The kings were to cast lots who should try the bow of Nimrod first. Their names were inscribed, folded, and then shaken in a golden helmet. The first chance fell upon the King of Egypt, the second on the sovereign of India, and the Khan of Scythia, when he viewed the bow and his rivals, complained not of being the last.

When the spectators were seated, they were served with refreshments by twenty thousand pages in uniform, and by as many beautiful young girls, who could pass commodiously between the seats.

Just as every thing was prepared to decide the fate of Formosanta, a stranger and his esquire, both mounted on unicorns, appeared at the barrier. The esquire bore upon his hand a large bird of extraordinary beauty. The guards were amazed that one who looked like a divinity should come to the lists without the least state.

The spectators all arose to gaze at the stranger ; the princess even lifted up her eyes, and blushed : the royal suitors turned pale ; they beheld majesty, grace, and

beauty; the face of an Adonis, and the form of Hercules. His hair was light, and fell in ringlets; his finely-turned eye-brows and long lashes were many shades darker. Never had so beautiful a man been seen in Babylon. The ladies beheld him with admiration; and many of the spectators, comparing Formosanta with the stranger, exclaimed,

“We have never beheld any person in the world so handsome as the princess, except this elegant young man!”

The astonished esquires asked him if he were a king; he replied,

“I have not that honour; but I am come from far, impelled by curiosity to know if any king is worthy the Princess of Babylon.”

He was admitted into the Circus; he saluted Belus and Formosanta with profound respect, then bowed gracefully to the three kings and the spectators. He took his seat in the first row of the amphitheatre, the bird perched upon his shoulder. His esquire, who carried a little bag, placed him-

self by his side, and the two unicorns lay down at their feet.

XXXVIII. THE BOW OF NIMROD.

A trumpet announced that the trial of skill was to commence. The bow of Nimrod was taken from a golden case by the first master of the ceremonies, who, preceded by twenty trumpets, and followed by fifty pages, carried it to the King of Egypt. His majesty ordered his priests to bless the bow, while he supported it upon the head of the bull Apis, and had no doubt of gaining the victory. He came into the Circus, he strove to bend the bow, but made such ridiculous contortions in the attempt, that the spectators could not forbear laughing. Even the princess smiled. His high almoner approached him, and said gravely,

“ Let me entreat your majesty to give up this attempt, the success of which, depending solely upon nerves and muscles, ren-

ders it at best a trifling honour. You will conquer the lion, for you possess the sabre of Osiris. You are wise, and have solved enigmas: the princess is to reward the wisest: she is destined for the most virtuous: you have been educated by the priests of Egypt. Generosity will triumph. What can exceed your royal gift of zebras, sea-horses, mummies, fine crocodiles, and the handsomest rats in all Delta? Then, for rarities, nothing in the universe is so rare as the bull Apis, and the books of Hermes. No one can possibly dispute the lovely Fornosanta with your majesty."

"Thou art certainly right," said the King of Egypt, going back to his seat.

The monarch of India tried his skill, until his hands were so terribly blistered that they were sore for a fortnight. He consoled himself with the hope that the Scythian would not be more successful.

The Khan united strength with skill: he handled the bow with dexterity; he bent it a little, but could not bring it near a curve. The spectators, prepossessed in his favour,

were disappointed at his ill success, and feared that their beautiful princess would never be married. The stranger leaped into the area, and said, addressing the Khan of Scythia,

“ Your majesty has no reason to be vexed with yourself for not being entirely successful. It is only by one peculiar twist that these bows of ebony can be bent. They are made in my country ; and there is more merit in you, for giving it the slightest elasticity, than in me if I were to give it the proper curve.”

The stranger fixed an arrow on the string, and bending with ease the bow of Nimrod, made it fly beyond the gate. Innumerable hands at once applauded the miracle ; Babylon re-echoed with acclamations of joy. The three kings were confounded ; all Babylon was amazed ; while he who caused the consternation was tranquilly writing on his ivory tablet with a pencil of gold. He then presented the bow and the tablet to the princess with a grace which enchanted the beholders, and mo-

destly returned immediately to his esquire and the bird.

Formosanta was agreeably surprised when she read upon the ivory tablet, written in good Chaldean, the following verses :

L'arc de Nimrod est celui de la guerre ;
L'arc de l'amour est celui du bonheur ;
Vous le portez. Par vous ce dieu vainqueur,
Est devenu le maitre de la terre.

Trois rois puissants, trois rivaux aujourd'hui,
Osent pretendre à l'honneur de vous plaire,
Je ne sais pas qui votre cœur préfère,
Mais l'univers sera jaloux de lui.

• This is of war the stubborn bow ;
Love gave to thee *his* bow of bliss,
That all mankind his power might know,
And not one golden arrow miss.

Three rival monarchs here this day
To win thee, peerless maid, aspire ;
On him who bears thy *heart* away
The world will gaze with jealous ire.

• By M. J. Young.

Formosanta was pleased with the lines. Some old lords criticised them severely, and said, in their young days a gallant knight would have compared the royal Belus to the sun, and the fair princess to the moon, but that this young stranger wanted imagination, and the rules of true poetry. The ladies praised them highly. A lady of the bedchamber to the princess said to her,

“ Ah, madam, what fine talents will be lost ! What happiness will this poor young stranger acquire by his wit, and his amazing skill in bending the bow of Nimrod ! ”

“ The happiness of being admired. ”

“ Ah ! then for one more sonnet he might be beloved ! ” replied the lady, with an arch smile.

XXXIX. THE LION AND THE BIRD.

The king of Babylon, after consulting with his wise men, declared that although the three sovereigns had been unsuccessful in the first

trial, his daughter should wed the king who conquered the lion which should be brought immediately from his menagerie. The King of Egypt, whose education had exhausted all the wisdom of his country, thought it would be extremely ridiculous to expose his royal life to the ferocious jaws of a wild beast, merely on the hope of conquering and being rewarded with the princess, whom he confessed to be a most valuable prize ; but if the lion was very ravenous, he might be devoured, and of course could not marry the princess of Babylon. The King of India was of the same opinion ; and they concluded between themselves that Belus contrived the plan to destroy, or at least to make a joke of them, and resolved to join arms and make war against him, as they had excellent subjects, who would be proud of the honour of dying in their service ; therefore they could dethrone the King of Babylon, and draw lots for the princess, without injuring a sacred hair of their majestic heads. This point being settled, they each sent an express to

their regents to raise three hundred thousand troops, to punish Belus, and carry off Formosanta.

When the lion was brought into the Circus, after the two kings declined the honour of fighting with the tremendous beast, the Khan drew his scymetar, and although he was not captivated by the charms of Formosanta, he obeyed the impulse of glory which had led him to Babylon, and with a smile of surprise and contempt at his royal competitors descended into the arena, slightly armed with a shell casque adorned with gold, and three horses' tails white as snow, to encounter one of the largest and fiercest lions ever fed upon the Antilibanian mountains, which was immediately let loose upon him.

The lion's enormous talons appeared capable of tearing the three kings, all at once, to atoms, and his jaws to devour them. The attack was rapid and furious. The intrepid Scythian plunged his scymetar into the lion's mouth ; but striking against one of his immense teeth, the blade was

shivered to pieces, and the monster more furiously darted on the unarmed king, when the stranger, alarmed at the danger of so brave a man, darted like lightning to the spot, struck off the lion's head, and preserved the Khan of the Scythians. He then presented him with a small box, and said,

“ This box contains the genuine dittany which grows in my country. If your majesty will apply it to your wounds, they will heal instantaneously. Your combat was glorious: accident alone prevented your triumph over the lion; your valour is equally great.”

The generous Scythian thanked his preserver, and embraced him with gratitude, for jealousy found no place in his soul: he then retired to apply the dittany to his wounds.

The stranger gave the lion's head to his esquire, who washed it at a fountain near the amphitheatre, and then drawing the monster's forty teeth, supplied the vacancies with diamonds of equal size. The stranger said to his bird,

“ My beautiful bird, take this head, and lay it at the feet of Formosanta, Princess of Babylon, as a small token of my homage.”

The stranger modestly returned to his place, and the bird winged his way to the princess, triumphantly bearing the tremendous head, which he reposed at her feet, bowing his neck, and crouching before her to denote his respect. The brilliants dazzled the eyes of the beholders: such gems were unknown even in the magnificent city of Babylon. Emeralds, topazes, sapphires, and carbuncles were at that time regarded as the most precious ornaments, and Belus was struck with amazement, as well as his whole court. They knew not which to admire most, the diamonds or the bird.

He was the size of an eagle, his eyes soft and expressive, his beak of a fine rose-colour, like the beautiful mouth of Formosanta, the neck shone in more variegated and brighter colours than the bow of Iris, the feet were purple, the tail far exceeded

that of the bird so favoured since by June, and every feather, from the biggest to the least, was tipped with gold or silver, which at each movement of the bird emitted a splendid radiance.

He perched on the ballustrade between the king and his daughter; she praised and caressed him: he returned her kisses with his rosy beak, while his beautiful eyes expressed affection and respect. He took biscuits and pistachoes from her with his purple-silvered foot, and fed himself with admirable grace.

The king, who had attentively examined the diamonds, supposed that even one of his provinces would scarcely repay such a valuable gift. He, however, ordered that presents should be prepared for the stranger more magnificent than those he designed for the three sovereigns, and said to the princess,

“ This young man must certainly be son to the King of China, or to some monarch in Europe or Africa. His dominions may lie near the kingdom of Egypt: I will de-

mand who he is, and what part of the world he calls his native land."

XL. THE DEPARTURE.

Belus sent his first equerry to the young stranger, to pay him the compliments he deserved, and to ask if he were the son of a king ; and why, being able to make such a valuable present, he came to the court of Babylon with only one attendant, carrying a little bag.

Before the equerry had time to execute his commission, another person arrived, mounted upon a unicorn ; and going immediately to the stranger, said to him,

"The venerable Omar, your beloved father, is near the termination of his days. I came on purpose to give you this information."

The stranger arose, pressed his hands upon his bosom, and lifting up his fine eyes,

overflowing with tears, to heaven; he could only say,

“ Let us depart !”

The equerry hastened then to report his majesty's compliments to the bender of Nimrod's bow, the conqueror of the lion, the giver of forty immense diamonds, and owner of the beautiful bird. He then asked the esquire over what kingdom the father of the young man reigned. The man replied concisely,

“ His father is a shepherd, beloved affectionately on the plains where he resides.”

The afflicted stranger, already mounted on his unicorn, said to the equerry,

“ Have the goodness, my lord, to tell the royal Belus, and the princess his daughter, that I prostrate my heart at their feet. Tell the lovely Formosanta that I conjure her to take peculiar care of my bird, which I leave with her, because it is *peerless*, like *herself*.”

He said no more, but darted swiftly away, followed by his two attendants, and was in-

stantly out of sight. Formosanta, when she beheld his departure, uttered an involuntary scream. The bird turned immediately toward the amphitheatre, missed his master, and appeared greatly afflicted at his absence; and fixing his sorrowful eyes on the princess, gently rubbed his beak against her delicate hand, as if he were soliciting her love and protection.

The equerry faithfully delivered the words of the stranger. Belus could not believe that such an extraordinary young man was the son of a shepherd: yet more and more amazed, and anxious to find out who he really was, he despatched messengers after him; but they soon returned, and said, by all they could learn upon the road, that the unicorns on which the strangers were mounted went at the rate of a hundred leagues a day, therefore the fleetest courser could not overtake them.



XLI. THE PRINCESS ALDEA.

Nothing was spoken of, nothing was thought of at court, but the handsome stranger, his diamonds, his bird, his unicorns, and the improbability of his being a shepherd's son. Formosanta, while her ladies were wearying their brains with conjecture, caressed the bird, and was absorbed in a deep reverie.

The Princess Aldea, first cousin to Formosanta, who was as finely formed, and by many thought as beautiful as the king's daughter, roused her from this profound reverie by saying,

“Whether this demi-god be the son of a king or a shepherd I know not, but I am convinced that he has fulfilled the oracle in every point it required of the man destined to be your husband. He has bent the wonderful bow of Nimrod, slain the great lion, evinced his wit by writing very pretty ex-

tempore verses for you, proved the most magnificent liberality in his present of forty diamonds, he possesses the greatest rarity, I imagine, in this splendid bird ; and what can equal his filial virtue in leaving *you*, with whom he might have staid, the very moment he was informed of his father's illness ? In regard to the article of overcoming his rivals, which is the only thing wanting, I think even the sacred oracle itself must allow that he has done *more* nobly, in preserving the life of the *only* competitor *he* had ; for as to the monarchs of Egypt and India, I believe you cannot doubt his power to conquer *them*."

"What you have said, my cousin, is certainly very just ; but can you think that it is possible for this apparently amiable and accomplished man to be the son of an humble shepherd ?"

"His gift of the diamonds is the *only* thing which seems to render it *impossible*, Formosanta, and leads me to imagine that either his esquire was ordered to make that reply, because the stranger chose to remain

unknown, or that the man answered wittily, alluding to kings having been frequently called shepherds, from their numerous charge. He came incognito, no doubt, that his personal merit should shine the brighter for not being surrounded by the pomp of majesty. But, my dear cousin, we must dress for the banquet; you know my uncle expects us to preside; therefore cease caressing the charming bird, and summon your ladies, or we shall not be ready."

XLII. THE ORACLE.

After sending magnificent presents to the three kings, in return for those which they had given, Belus assembled his council, previous to the banquet, in order to dispute concerning the marriage of the Princess Formosanta; and thus he addressed his wise statesmen:

"I am advanced in years, and wish to behold the nuptials of my daughter before

I die, yet know not on whom to bestow her—
He who alone seems to deserve her proves to
be nothing better than a shepherd. The
kings of India and Egypt are cowards; the
Khan of Scythia is a brave man; I like him
extremely, but he has not performed one
thing which the oracle requires. I will once
more consult the oracle, for a king should
not act without the orders of the immortal
gods.”

His majesty then repaired to the temple,
and supplicated the advice of the oracle,
which answered concisely thus:

“Thy daughter cannot be married until
she has traversed the globe.”

The astonished Belus returned to the
council chamber and made known this
strange decree.

The ministers, who had a profound ve-
neration for oracles, declared, that as they
were the foundation of religion; as by them
kings reigned wisely over their people; and
as without the divine instruction of oracles
there could be neither peace nor goodness
upon earth, reason ought to be silent before

them: yet they agreed that the oracle was excessively strange, to order the beautiful Princess of Babylon to wander over the world without any particular motive or place of destination; an indelicate proceeding for a young girl, even in common life, but absolutely improper for the daughter of the first king in the universe; that such a step would undoubtedly spoil her marriage with any illustrious potentate, and promote it, perhaps in some disgraceful or clandestine manner, with a man far beneath her dignity. Thus the ministers evinced their *profound veneration* for the oracle, by proving that its decree was against all the rules of propriety and good sense.

Onadase, the youngest man among the ministers, said that the oracle must certainly mean for the princess to go a pilgrimage of devotion; and being a very gallant and sensible person, he offered to be her guide. The council unanimously agreed in his opinion, but every one claimed the honour to which he aspired.

The king said that he would have the princess go to the temple whose deity was famous for promoting happy marriages, which stood about three hundred parasangs distant, on the road to Arabia, and that the dean of the council should conduct her.

XLIII. A ROYAL BANQUET.

Between two delightful cascades, in the centre of the garden, an oval saloon was erected, three hundred feet in diameter; the azure ceiling was ornamented with the planets and all the constellations, in luminous splendour, preserving not only their proper stations, but also, by imperceptible art, their regular movements as in the celestial canopy.

The saloon was illuminated, without side and within, by a hundred thousand crystal lamps. Recesses were formed on either side, containing vessels of gold; wine of every sort sparkling in crystal decanters,

and delicious fruit in golden dishes. A gallery was also erected, which contained a fine band of musicians.

The immense table was adorned along the middle with suspended wreaths and festoons of flowers, fruit, and foliage, formed in gems to imitate their natural colour. The king of Babylon took his seat at the splendid board, Formosanta hers, according to the arrangement of her father, between the Kings of Egypt and India: the amiable Aldea was seated by the Khan of Scythia; and thirty princes, who were guests, had the most beautiful ladies of the court to sit by them. Formosanta requested permission of the king to place her bird upon the table by her: the indulgent father consented. He doated on his child; and although he wished to see her married, he felt a pleasure in the idea of having her still with him.

The princess observed a ragout near her, which her father was extremely fond of, and desired it might be carried to his majesty. The wonderful bird immediately took it up, and placed it carefully by the king, who

was astonished at the action, caressed the bird, and admired him greedily. In returning to Formosanta, he wheeled round, displaying his wings and tail in all their radiant beauty. The guests forgot to eat, the musicians paused on their instruments, and a profound silence reigned in the saloon, which was succeeded by a confused murmur of admiration.

The Princess of Babylon sat silently caressing her bird, neglecting the luxuries of the table, and quite forgetting that there were such beings in the world as the sovereigns of India and of Egypt; and they, extremely piqued at her unpolite behaviour to them, thought of nothing but their three hundred thousand warriors and of vengeance. The brave and haughty Scythian felt too much indifference for the king's daughter to resent her behaviour; all his attention was paid to the agreeable, and, as he thought, more beautiful Princess Aldea. The present state of Formosanta's mind gave her the appearance of one who considered her beauty sufficiently attractive, without

trouble of mental exertion. The khan, would have preferred, at any time, nation and good nature to the most pitiful piece of still life, who thought *honoured* mankind by appearing in public, with great spirit, to the lively

By heaven ! enchanting princess, your charms are far superior to your cousin's, yet you condescend to converse agreeably with strangers ! Believe me, were you, I should prefer you to that beautiful matron the Princess of Babylon."

I am flattered by your majesty's good opinion ; but you quite mistake the character of my cousin Formosanta ; she is not, in reality, what she at present appears to

their conversation grew more and more agreeable ; the music gave them many opportunities of conversing confidentially ; by the time they arose from table they were very partial to each other. Afterward the company walked in the illumined

nated garden. The Khan of Scythia and the princess Aldea, like most lovers, retired from the throng. Aldea, who was as sincere as she was spirited, said,

“ I love my cousin Formosanta, although she is reckoned handsomer than I am, and is destined to be Queen of Babylon. I cannot repine if I preserve your love, for I prefer Scythia, *with* you, to the throne of Babylon *without* you. Yet if there be *right* in the world, the crown of Babylon is *mine*. I descend from the elder branch of Nimrod; Formosanta from the younger: *her* grandfather dethroned *mine*, and had him put to death.”

“ How slender were the ties of family attachment in the house of Babylon, at that period! What was the name of your grandfather?”

“ Aldea: I was called so after him. My poor father was banished to the extremity of the empire. He was also named Aldea. My mother forsook him not in his banishment. After her death, Belus consented to

let me be brought up with the Princess Formosanta, but is determined that I shall never marry."

"I will marry you, maintain your rights, and avenge your parents' cause. To-morrow I have promised to dine with Belus: by break of day, on the next morning, will you be ready to accompany me to Scythia."

"I will throw myself into your protection, brave and generous khan!"

They plighted vows of love and fidelity to each other, and separated for the night.

XLIV. A SURPRISE.

Formosanta retired with her bird, when she arose from table, instead of walking in the garden; she ordered that a small orange tree, in a silver vase, should be placed under the canopy, close to her bed, for her bird to roost on.

She went to bed, and the curtains were

closed; but her heart was too much agitated, and her imagination occupied, to let her sleep. The captivating stranger was continually presented by fancy to her wakeful eyes: again she saw him bend the bow of Nimrod, and shoot the feathered dart with strength and gracefulness, or in the generous act of slaying the tremendous lion; then with inexpressible elegance presenting her with the bow and the verses, which she repeated with energy; again, too, she beheld him mount his unicorn, and, fleet as an arrow, vanish from her sight. This painful reflexion was accompanied with sighs, tears, and sorrowful exclamations; she uttered aloud:

“Alas! is he gone from me for ever? Will he not return once more? Shall I be so happy as to see him again?”

“Yes, amiable princess, you will see my dear master again. He cannot be satisfied with seeing *you* but once.”

“Gracious heaven! Eternal powers! My bird speaks! he speaks the purest language of Chaldea!”

She looked up at him : he was perched on the top of the orange tree. She kneeled upon her bed, and extending her hand toward him, said,

“ Art thou a deity come down on earth in this disguise ? Art thou the great Oromazes, whose glory, hard to be concealed, irradiates this beautiful plumage ? O, if thou art, restore the amiable stranger to Formosanta ! ”

“ I am only a bird ; but when I was created, all the inhabitants of the air, the ocean, and the earth possessed the gift of speech, and conversed familiarly with mankind. I would not speak before your ladies lest they should have taken me for a sorcerer, nor will I discover my gift of speech to any one but yourself.”

The astonished Formosanta wanted to ask him a hundred questions at once. Her first inquiry was concerning his age. He replied,

“ I am twenty-seven thousand nine hundred years and six months old : I date my age from that revolution in heaven called

by your magi the precession of the equinoxes, which is accomplished in about twenty-eight thousand years. There are revolutions of much greater extent, and beings much older than I am. I was not above five thousand years and six months old when I learned the Chaldean language in my travels, and I have been partial to it ever since."

"I recollect that many fables of our great Locman begin, 'In the days when animals could speak;' but why, my divine bird, have all the creatures ceased to converse with human beings?"

"Because they grew barbarians, and devoured the innocent inhabitants of the water, the earth, and the air, and we no longer could converse with them as friends. The country in which the most perfect of men, whom you call the stranger, dwells, is the *only* one where the human species have continued to respect the animals, and to converse with them; indeed it is the only spot in the universe where men are just."

"Where lies the happy country of the

all-perfect stranger? Tell me the name of his empire, for I can no more believe that *he* is a *shepherd* than I can that *you* are a *bat*."

"His country lies on the eastern shore of the Ganges, and is called that of the Gangarids. They are an invincible and a virtuous people. The name of my dear master is Amazan; he is not a king, and thinks himself happier in being a shepherd, like his peaceful countrymen. But think not, princess, that they resemble the shepherds of *this* country, who groan beneath the burthen of poverty; who are compelled to pay extortioners half the miserable stipend which they receive from their masters for watching day and night, with diligent care, their fleecy charge, by nature warmly clad, while they, poor *human* beings, are shivering in tattered garments! The Gangaridian shepherds are all affluent, and masters of the numerous flocks they feed: eternal verdure clothes their plains, and their prolific soil affords them every luxury which the uncorrupted children of nature can wish

for or require. On that side the Ganges it is regarded as a crime to murder any thing which Heaven has animated with the breath of life.

“ The Gangaridian sheep produce wool softer and more glossy than the finest silk, and it constitutes the chief traffic in the east. Those immense diamonds which Amazan presented to your Highness were the produce of a mine of his own. Unicorns are constantly used by the Gangarids for riding, and are certainly the noblest, the fiercest, and yet the gentlest animals that grace the earth. Were they ambitious of conquests, the Gangarids could overcome a vast army with only a hundred men mounted on unicorns. About two centuries ago a king of India made war against that country, and advanced with ten thousand elephants and a million of warriors. The unicorns transfixed the elephants with their strait and pointed horns, and the Gangarids, with their sabres, mowed down the Indian warriors like crops of rice.

“ The king was taken prisoner, with six

thousand of his men. He was not wounded desperately, but his blood was inflamed by carnivorous food and spirituous liquors, which disorder the brains of men, particularly of kings, whose rage seems to consist in laying waste their neighbour's fertile plains, in shedding the blood of their fellow-creatures, and in fixing their unsteady, comfortless thrones upon hillocks of the slain.

“ The King of India was bathed in the salutary waters of the Ganges, and followed the regimen of the country, yet six months elapsed before his cure was completed, and, by the consent of the physicians, the Gangarids could send the simple king and his impotent warriors back to their own country. This lesson has rendered the Indians wiser, and they now respect the Gangarids, as ignorant men, willing to be instructed, do the Chaldean philosophers, whom they cannot equal.”

“ Pray, my dear bird, do the Gangarids profess any religion ?”

“ The purest. On the days of the full

moon the men meet in a large temple of cedar, and, that their thoughts should not wander, the women assemble in another. The birds form a grateful congregation in an extensive forest; and the quadrupeds, no less grateful, meet upon an immense plain. Every species return thanks to heaven for the blessings they enjoy. Such is the happy country of our beloved Amazan; and if you will trust yourself with me, amiable princess, we will set out together, and pay him a visit."

"Upon my word, this is a very *prudent* proposal of thine, my pretty bird!" said the princess, smiling, and wishing in her heart that she could take the journey, although she was too bashful to own it. The bird said,


"After the happiness of loving and of being beloved by you and Amazan, the next is to be the means of rendering you both completely happy."

Formosanta passed the night in talking of Amazan. She called him nothing but her dear shepherd; and since that time shep-

herd and lover have been synonymous throughout every nation. She asked the bird if the shepherd was not in love with some fair Gangaridian nymph; and when he answered no, she was enraptured. She inquired how the shepherd passed his time. The bird replied,

“ In performing good actions, cultivating the arts, studying nature, and in every thing which can improve himself, or benefit mankind.”

She questioned the bird, and he answered, until sleep closed their weary eyes: yet in pleasing dreams Formosanta beheld and conversed with Amazan. Her dreams, although delightful, were incoherent, and to have interpreted them would have puzzled the wisdom of all the Chaldean philosophers.



XLV. A PILGRIMAGE PROPOSED.

The Princess Formosanta did not awaken until the day was far advanced. The king entered her chamber before she was up. The bird received his majesty with every mark of respect ; he flew down to meet him, fluttered his wings, bent his neck with a polite bow, and then perched upon his orange-tree.

The king sat down by his daughter. When he gave her his blessing, and a paternal kiss, his venerable beard, white as the snow, and extremely long, swept over her bosom. Her pleasing dreams had given vivacity to her eyes, and a bloom to her cheeks, which made her appear more beautiful than ever. The king, after some tender inquiries concerning her health, said,

“ My beloved daughter, as neither of the sovereigns who offered themselves as candidates for thy hand fulfilled, in any point, what the oracle demanded of him who is de-

stined for thy husband, and yet as it is absolutely necessary, for the welfare of my kingdom, that thou shouldst marry, I have again consulted the oracle, for thou knowest that I regulate my conduct by its unerring advice ; and now, my Formosanta, the mysterious voice decrees that thou must travel."

" Ah ! my royal father ! to the country of the Gangarids ?"

" What country is that ? Who reigns over the Gangarids ? What knowest thou of it ?"

" Pardon me, my father ! I had been dreaming of a happy country so called, where birds and all animals converse with mankind as they do in the fables of Locman ; and being scarcely awake, I mentioned it. But say, where am I to go ?"

The king then told her the words of the oracle, and the pilgrimage which he intended she should make, and mentioned the personages whom he designed for her attendants on the journey ; and said that he should fix the time with his council.

The Princess Formosanta had never been

out of her father's dominions, and led to an insipid life until the arrival of the monarchs, the shepherd Amazan, and the conversable bird. The parade of pomp attended all her steps, and the formal etiquette of a court had ever seemed a clog upon her pleasures; therefore the thought of going on a pilgrimage was quite new and delightful. She said mentally,

“Who knows but the Gangaridian monarch may order Amazan to meet me at that temple, sacred to happy marriages? O, I should see my charming shepherd thus disguised as a pilgrim!”

These were her reflexions while the monarch was caressing the bird. She then thanked him for his affectionate attention to her happiness, and said,

“I assure you, my beloved Sire, that I will be very fervent in my devotions to the deity whose temple you choose I shall visit.”

XLVI. EGYPTIAN VENGEANCE.

The splendid dinner which Belus gave to the kings, princes, ministers, and principal magis, was very far from being a gay repast: envy and ill-humour seemed to gloom every brow. Each person, apparently, was dissatisfied with his neighbour; and even a profusion of wine did not compensate for the absence of the ladies.

The princesses dined by themselves, and were not much better company. Formosanta was thinking of Amazan and her pilgrimage, Aldea of the Khan of Scythia and her elopement. After dinner, the Princess of Babylon walked in the garden with her bird, who, to amuse her, flew from tree to tree, displaying his radiant plumage in the sun.

The King of Egypt, who was rather flushed with the wine he had been drinking,

ordered one of his pages to bring him a bow and arrow. He was such an unskilful archer, that he never hit the mark at which he aimed; but the beautiful bird, who was flying about swiftly as the arrow, received it in his breast, and fell bleeding into the arms of Formosanta! The vengeful king retired laughing like an unfeeling ideot.

Poor Formosanta made the gardens resound with her shrieks; she beat her breast and tore her hair. At length, softening into tears, she kissed her dying bird, who whispered,

“Burn me; then fail not to carry my ashes to the east of Eden, and expose them to the sun on a pile of cloves and cinnamon.”

The beautiful bird expired! The princess fainted. She recovered only to feel her loss, and grieved incessantly for the bird of Amazan. Her father sympathised in her affliction, and execrated the wanton cruelty of the King of Egypt. He imagined this accident portended some dire misfortune, and went immediately to the temple to con-

sult the oracle. When he asked what the death of the beautiful bird foretold in regard to the fate of his daughter, the oracle answered,

“ A variety of events : death and life, infidelity and constancy, loss and gain, calamities and good fortune.”

Although neither the King of Babylon nor his wise ministers could comprehend this mysterious reply, yet the devout Belus felt satisfied in having performed his duty.

XLVII. RETALIATION.

While the king was consulting the oracle, Formosanta was performing the obsequies of her peerless bird, according to his last request. She made a funeral pile of the orange tree on which he used to perch, and burnt him, enveloped in the incombustible flax. Weeping, she placed his ashes in a golden urn, ornamented with rubies, and all the diamonds taken from the lion's jaws.

The manner in which the princess had been deprived of the bird which Amazan had so particularly recommended to her care, rendered her desperate and revengeful. When fulfilling the melancholy duty of burning the beloved bird, she wished that the King of Egypt was consuming in his place, and, rather violently, resolved to have the zebras, sea-horses, crocodiles, and the rats put to death, and the mummies thrown into the Euphrates. Had the bull Apis been in her power, he would also have been sacrificed to the manes of her bird.

The king of Egypt, enraged more than ever at this affront, quitted Babylon immediately, in order to forward his hostile troops. The King of India followed the example of his ally. The Khan of Scythia departed in the night with the Princess Aldea, resolved to lead forth his brave Scythians in the defence of her right to the throne of Babylon.

Formosanta, by her father's orders, set out at three in the morning with her little caravan, on her pilgrimage, determined to

go to Arabia to execute the last request of her bird, and flattering herself that the just gods would restore to her the amiable Amazan, without whom life would be insupportable.

When the King of Babylon awakened he was surprised to find his palace deserted. Not only his daughter; but all his guests were gone. He said,

“ Alas! when great festivals are over, when the bustle of company and the noise of mirth subside, what a vacuum there seems to be in the soul !”

This was a calm reflexion: but when he was informed that the Princess Aldea had been carried off in the night by the Khan of Scythia, his rage was terrible. He ordered all his ministers to be called up, and a council to be convened. In the meantime he hastened to the temple to consult the divine oracle, of whom he inquired whether the Princess had been carried off by force, or with her own consent. The oracle replied,

“ Of her own free will: for when those

who have the care of young women *resolve* not to choose husbands for them, they assume the right of choosing for themselves."

Belus was not very well pleased with this answer, although it has since been celebrated throughout the universe. He immediately informed his council, and it was agreed to send four thousand warriors against the Khan of Scythia. Thus was the torch of war kindled at an amicable and joyous festival.

XLVIII. THE RENCONTRE.

The monarch of India, in hopes of meeting his troops, took the spacious road which led directly from Babylon to Cashmir. The Khan of Scythia flew with his lovely Aldea along a fine road which would take them to Mount Immaus. The King of Egypt went westward, by the banks of the Mediterranean sea.

The Princess of Babylon took the delight-

ful road to Bassora, which was shaded by lofty palm-trees, bearing refreshing fruit. The temple to which she travelled was situated in the city of Bassora, from whence she proposed embarking for Arabia Felix, in obedience to the request of her deceased bird.

She had not been long arrived at a large inn, where her harbingers had made preparations for her to sleep, when the King of Egypt, having been informed of her route by his emissaries, altered his course, and, attended by a numerous guard, arrived there also. After placing centinels around the house, he sought for the princess, entered her apartment abruptly, and said,

“ Now I have found you, haughty princess, I shall make you a little more sociable than you were in your father’s palace. I have you completely in my power, and love to exert it in punishing scornful capricious women. This night, Princess of Babylon, you share my supper and you share my bed.”

Formosanta knew that it was not possible

for herself and little party to contend with the Egyptian king and his numerous guard, therefore she resolved to exert her wit, and endeavour to escape by stratagem. During his visit at the Babylonian court she had discovered three things in this king, whom she abhorred, which now she hoped would facilitate her scheme: he was vain, silly, and loved wine, therefore by dissimulation he might be flattered, imposed on, and intoxicated.

Formosanta began by apologizing for her behaviour, which she assured him was only to disguise her partiality for him from her father, who was entirely ruled by the oracle in his choice of a husband for her ; and that she had undertaken the pilgrimage in hopes of meeting with him ; or if not, to find an opportunity of escaping to Egypt.

The princess accompanied her words with such an air of sincerity, engaging looks, and modest confusion, that she might have deceived the most penetrating man, and made a fool of the wisest. The King of Egypt, who thought it much more natural

that she should *love* than *hate* him, implicitly believed every word she uttered, and was quite enraptured.

She then told him that when he came in she was just going to change her apparel, and refresh herself after her hot and dusty journey ; therefore begged he would retire, and order some of the people to send her lady in waiting, and also her apothecary, who was to prepare some drops to cheer her spirits after the fatigue she had undergone that day.

The king promised to do all that she required, but entreated that, as a token of her love, she would give him her hand to kiss, and swear by the bull Apis to sup with him. She arose from her seat, and giving him her hand, said,

“ I swear by the bull Apis, whom I adore next to your majesty, that I will sup with you ; and as I think your high almoner is a sensible man, and excellent company, you will oblige me if you will let him be of our party. I have some excellent wine of Chiras, designed by my father as a present to

the high priest at the temple, which, as you terminate my pilgrimage, shall be drank in honour of our meeting."

The king was enchanted, and agreeing to every thing, went immediately to send her attendants, and to impart his happiness to the high almoner.

When the lady, who was named Irla, and the apothecary, came in, Formosanta, who knew that she could rely on their fidelity, informed them of the king's behaviour, of her dissimulation, and of her design, which was to have a strong soporific mixed with the Chiras wine, which would cause those who drank much to sleep for twenty-four hours. She desired that six bottles might be mixed for the supper, and that the centinels might have sufficient to put them to sleep.

This being settled, the princess made a slight alteration in her dress, and in a short time was summoned to the supper. The Egyptian monarch was loving, the almoner gay; they enjoyed the wine, and declared that there was none equal to it in Egypt.

Formosanta drank but two glasses, and those diluted. The king and the priest drank plentifully, and were soon in a profound sleep.

Irla and the apothecary were not idle : they had put the centinels to sleep also. Then the princess, with the assistance of the apothecary, disguised herself in the almoner's robes, clipped off his very long beard, which she sewed upon a ribbon, and tied on her own pretty chin ; then throwing his mantle over her, appeared a complete priest of Isis. Irla took the same liberty with the sacristan of that goddess, and supplied herself with his urn and his jewels.

The princess was obliged to leave all her male attendants at the inn, as it was impossible to hazard more than Irla and herself to pass the outer guards in disguise. They luckily passed the ranks as safely as they had the sleeping centinels, for the deceived soldier bowed as to the priests, and asked their blessings. Before it was quite day they threw off their disguises, purchased horses, as pilgrims, at the first inn,

and arrived at Bassora, where they embarked before the King of Egypt could have awakened.

XLIX. ARABIA FELIX.

They passed the straits of Ormus on their way to the beautiful banks of Eden, in Arabia Felix. Formosanta made it her first care, on her arrival, to perform her duty to the bird of Amazan. She raised a pile of cloves and cinnamon, according to his dying request, in the bright beams of the sun, and placed his valued ashes on the fragrant pile.

She presently beheld the pile kindle of itself! It blazed, the ashes were consumed, and in their place lay a large egg! Formosanta was amazed: but how did her amazement increase when she saw the egg burst, and her beautiful bird spring from it more brilliant than he was before? Nothing except the unexpected sight of Ama-

zan himself could have given her greater surprise and pleasure. She exclaimed,

“ O my beloved bird, I feel ready to expire with amazement and joy ! You live again, my beautiful bird, to converse with me, and to be the dear companion of my journey ! By your astonishing resurrection I am convinced that you are the Phœnix, of whom I have often heard, but never did I expect to witness its wonderful resurrection !”

“ There is nothing wonderful, fair princess, in my regeneration, except that the great Oromazes permits me to re-assume my original form. Caterpillars revive in the beautiful form of butterflies; a kernel, sown in the earth, springs up into a majestic tree; every thing regenerates of the animal and vegetative kind.”

“ I know that such things are, and they have frequently inspired me with wonder and admiration ; but that you should spring out of the ashes, which I had seen in the urn so long inanimate, precisely the same bird that you were before the King of Egypt

killed you, appears to me still more incomprehensible. What became of your soul while your ashes lay in the urn?"

"Dear princess, can you tell *me* where yours was before you existed? A phoenix is not wiser than a human being. All that is incomprehensible to mortality is possible to the divine Oromazes. He has restored to me sensation, thought, and memory, to render me serviceable to you, and I am grateful for the blessing. O that I may pass my life with you and Amazan!"

"Do you remember, dear phoenix, what you said to me in my chamber at Babylon? *I* can never forget it, because it flattered me with the hope of seeing my beloved shepherd. Shall we *now* visit the Gangarids, my bird?"

"Certainly: there is no time to be lost; we must seek Amazan by the speediest and safest way, through the air."

"Through the *air*, my phoenix *?"

* The princess would not have been surprised at a voyage through the air, had balloons been invented in

“ Yes, my princess, I will send a pigeon to fetch two griffins, who are my particular friends. Although they are many leagues from hence, they will be here before night. In the meantime you must purchase at a warehouse, which I will show you, a light carriage, with a canopy, just large enough to hold your highness and the lady Irla. It must be such as is carried by poles upon mens’ shoulders.”

In less than four hours Formosanta beheld her carriage ready. The canopy and curtains were of green silk: it contained pockets, which they stored with fruit, nuts, bread, and Eden wine, which is as superior to the Chiras as *that* is to the wine of Surinam. They had the vehicle brought to a fine plain, where the phoenix had appointed the griffins to meet them.

The griffins arrived at Arabia Felix at the time they were expected, and when the princess and Irla were seated in the carriage

those days. Many things cease to be *wonders* as men improve in the arts and in learning.—*Translator.*

they took it up in their claws, and flew off with it toward the Ganges with the velocity of an arrow. The phoenix sometimes flew by the side, and sometimes perched on the top of the carriage. The griffins descended but once for the ladies to take refreshment, and to drink some water themselves. They then renewed their flight to the Ganges.

L. THE GANGARIDS.

Formosanta was greatly agitated as they drew near the country of her Amazon: her heart palpitated with hope and love. They arrived at the Gangaridian plains! The phoenix stopped the carriage before Amazon's house. He requested to speak with Amazon, and was informed that he had been gone out for above three hours, and no one knew whither. Formosanta was disappointed. The phoenix said to her,

“ Alas! princess, I dreaded this! Your meeting the King of Egypt at the inn will

perhaps destroy the happiness of your life, for I fear we have lost Amazan for ever."

Words cannot express the grief and despair of Formosanta at these words. The bird then asked to see the mother of Amazan, but he was informed that her husband had been dead only three days, and she did not see any one. The phoenix, however, was sufficiently acquainted with the house to perform the duties of hospitality. He conducted the princess and Irla to a saloon in the garden, and ordered a repast, which was presently served in porcelain by young shepherds and shepherdesses, who were all dressed in white, with gold-coloured trimmings. The repast consisted of rice, sago, vermicelli, macaroni, omelets, pastry, eggs in the shell, cheese, butter, vegetables, and fruit of every kind, superior to the produce of any other country. The beverage was milk and refreshing liquors, more grateful to the taste than the finest wines.

The walls of the saloon were covered with a wainscot of orange-tree wood, inlaid with

ivory ; the seats were sofas of verdant moss, covered with fresh rose leaves. The princess seemed to sit upon a bed of roses. While she and Irla were regaling themselves, four peacocks fanned them with their variegated wings, and luckily the Gangaridian peacocks were too sensible to scream. The shepherds, shepherdesses, and birds formed a delightful concert : the shepherds sung bass and tenor, the shepherdesses and the birds sung the higher notes.

Formosanta declared that simple nature, among the Gangarids, was far more charming than art and magnificence at Babylon. The sweet strains, although they soothed her heart, drew tears from her eyes ; and she said to Irla,

“ These are the fascinating strains of love ! O Irla ! these **shepherds** and shepherdesses, and all these feathered songsters, are singing to their happy favourites, and here I sit forlorn in the country, in the *garden* of my Amazon, and he is absent ! lost ! perhaps *lost* for ever to the miserable Formo-

santa ! O, return, my hero ! my shepherd, return !”

After the phoenix had taken care of the princess, he went to the lady of the house, told her what he had done, and conjured her to see the Princess of Babylon. She replied,

“ What ! my bird ! after hearing the whole of her behaviour at the inn to Pharaoh the Egyptian king ! A blackbird came and told us *all*. She is the cause of my son’s madness ! She has driven him from his paternal home, and from *me*, at such a time !”

“ Madam, the princess can clear herself. Do you not know that by her care I am regenerated ?”

“ O no ! the blackbird told us that the cruel Pharaoh had killed you before the eyes of Formosanta, and that she had followed him, vowed to love him, and given him her hand to kiss ; nay more, that she had promised to sup and pass the night with him ! How can I see her ? Yet I will not turn her away unheard. You say she can clear her-

self: O that she may ! I have something of importance to communicate to her, and wish you to be present. Go, phoenix, and introduce her to me : I will meet you in the woodbine pavillion on the bank of the river."

This venerable lady was rather infirm, but still preserved very pleasing traces of beauty, which proved that she must have been a lovely woman when about two hundred years of age ; for at this period she was nearly three hundred. She received Formosanta with a graceful air, blended so visibly with sorrow and vexation, that it made her appear extremely interesting to the princess, who evinced, by her manners, the truest respect and affection for the mother of Amazan, and paid her the suitable compliments on a first meeting after a very melancholy and recent event. The lady said,

" Princess, you have a greater right to grieve for my husband than you imagine."

" I have sufficient cause to lament his

death, and to revere his memory; he was the father of——”

“Of the son whom your strange conduct has banished from me.”

“O, madam, I deserve your pity, not your anger. I detest the king of Egypt: I love *only* Amazan! For his sake I have traversed the air, and am here far, *far* from my father’s court! I am here in his country, and he flies from me! Do I not deserve your pity?”

Tears and sobs checked her utterance. The venerable lady said,

“Princess, when you avowed your love to Pharaoh, when you swore by his god Apis to sup with him, and cheer his heart with Chiras wine, and gave him your hand to kiss in token of your love, did you not observe a blackbird flying about the room?”

“I *do* remember such a bird, and that it terrified me by rushing out of the window with a horrible cry the moment that I gave my hand to Pharoah, and appeared no more.”

“ Alas ! he returned to Amazan with the fatal tidings which distracted him ! My poor son had himself sent forth that bird, to bring him intelligence of your health, and to inform him of what was passing in Babylon concerning you, until he could throw himself at your feet, which he proposed to do shortly ; and if he was so happy as to obtain your love, to devote his life to you. O, princess, you know not how tenderly he loves you ! ”

The princess then gave the mother of Amazan an exact account of all that passed at the inn, and the motives that obliged her to practise the dissimulation that so fatally deceived the blackbird, who could not read her heart, and who unfortunately flew away but a minute before she explained her conduct to Irla and the apothecary. The lady said it was extremely unlucky for the bird to return the messenger of such dreadful news at the moment Amazan was in deep affliction for the loss of his revered father and his phoenix, to whom he had always been fondly attached. She continued,

“ Just, too, as I had informed him, to divert his grief, that his birth was royal as your own ; that Belus of Babylon and his father were the offspring of two *brothers* ; and that his own sister had been brought up with you.”

“ Gracious heaven ! Amazan my cousin ! and brother to the Princess Aldea !”

“ You have heard, perhaps, that your grandfather dethroned his elder brother, and banished his nephew, in order to obtain the crown. That nephew was the father of Amazan. After the death of the Princess Aldea’s mother, he came to the Gangarids, and here, under a fictitious name, took refuge from your father. I was so happy as to please him ; he confided the secret of his royal birth, and right to the throne of Babylon, to me.

“ We were married, and heaven blessed us with Prince Amazan Aldea, from whom we kept his royal line a secret : yet his father formed his mind and manners to grace the throne of Babylon. He is every thing which the fondest and most ambitious

parents could wish. We indulged his ardent desire of seeing you, and, if he liked you, of trying his skill in fulfilling the oracle. He has fulfilled it, and won you. When his father was dying, he desired me to reveal the secret to our son after he was no more. I did reveal it, but the fatal blackbird came and told his tale of *horror* to my son, who idolizes Formosanta. His heart was agonized, his brain maddened; he fled from my maternal arms, never, alas! I fear, *never* to return!"

She then gave Formosanta many proofs to read of her husband's having been the actual heir to the crown. The princess returned them immediately, and said,

"Ah, madam, why should I waste time in looking over these? Can I doubt what you have told me? O, no, my heart believes all that you have said! I will go and seek my Amazan! Which way did he take? Where is the cousin, lover, king, and life of Formosanta? I will seek for him in every part of the world. In whatsoever kingdom he may be I soon shall hear of him:

hidden he *cannot* be, for the Eternal Being has created him to adorn the earth, and attract universal admiration; and if I cannot find him here below, *then* I will seek him in the stars; *there* he will be convinced of my innocence and of my love."

Birds had been sent all directions, and unicorns, on the pursuit, by every road. At length it was discovered that Amazan had taken the way to China. The princess said eagerly,

"Come, my bird, we will go immediately to China. Farewell, dear mother of my Amazan, farewell! I will bring back your son! The journey is not long, the unicorns are fleet; in a few days we shall return together."

They embraced, they mingled their tears of tenderness and hope; truly maternal was the embrace on one side, and truly filial on the other.

The venerable Gangaridian presented her lovely kinswoman with several thousands of the finest diamonds of their mines, and a carriage drawn by six unicorns. She also

provided an escort of two thousand men, mounted on unicorns : but before they set out, the phoenix banished all the blackbirds from the Gangarids, that they might not occasion any more distress in so happy a country, by their eagerness to tell bad news ; and from that time not one blackbird has been seen upon the eastern coast of the Ganges.

LI. CHINA.

In less than eight days the unicorns conveyed the Princess of Babylon, Irla, and the phoenix to Cambula, the capital of China. This city was larger than that of Babylon, and its magnificence quite in another style.

New objects and manners would have entertained Formosanta extremely, had Amazan been her companion instead of the object of her search. In her present situation he alone could engage her attention ; her

eyes, continually employed in looking for him, were not to be attracted even by novelty.

When the Emperor of China was informed that the Princess of Babylon was at one of the gates of Cambula, he despatched four thousand mandarins, in their ceremonial robes, to bid her welcome. They prostrated themselves before her with profound respect, and presented her with an elegant compliment in letters of gold on purple silk. She said, that as it would detain them too long to thank them separately for the polite attention with which they honoured her, she hoped they would accept her general, but not less grateful thanks.

They conducted her in great state to the emperor, and on the way a venerable mandarin said to her,

“ Young and beautiful princess ! before you are introduced to our beloved emperor, it will no doubt give you pleasure to be made acquainted with his character, and I shall take a pride in making it known. He is polite, wise, and just ; he tilled a small

field with his imperial hands, to render agriculture respected by his people; he offers liberal premiums for the most virtuous actions; he reveres the laws, and he studies the happiness of his people. He has just banished from his dominions a society of foreign Bouzes, who had come from the distant parts of the west with the frantic idea of compelling all the inhabitants of China to think as they did; and they had actually not only acquired large sums of the ignorant, but kindled the flames of persecution in their weak minds, under the pretence of teaching the only *true* religion. The emperor, when he expelled these religious incendiaries, addressed them in these words, which are recorded in the annals of our empire:

“ Strangers, you are come to preach your dogmas of intolerance in China, the most tolerating empire upon earth; therefore, that you may not do as much harm *here* as you have done in other countries, I expel you from the walls of China for ever, that I may not be obliged to *punish* you. I

have given orders for you to be conducted honourably to the frontiers, and furnished with every thing that you may require in your way to the confines of the hemisphere from whence you came. Depart in peace, if peace can ever dwell in such contracted minds, and never more return to these dominions."

"Princess, I am sure that you will revere so good an emperor."

Formosanta expressed herself as she felt, truly delighted with the character of the emperor, and his speech to the Bonzes; and was inspired with the certain hope of an agreeable reception from a liberal-minded man, conscious that her heart abhorred the persecuting dogmas of intolerance.

Her reception from the Emperor of China was such as she expected. At their dinner he entertained her with elegance, uncumbered with the parade of imperial state. She introduced the phoenix, who was greatly admired and caressed by the emperor, while he perched on his chair, and expressed

signs of gratitude. When dinner was ended, Formosanta ingenuously confided the cause of her journey to the emperor, and conjured him to find out if Amazan was in this empire. He replied,

“ I do not wonder at your partiality for the amiable Amazan. I never beheld so perfect a being. Even the affliction in which he is at present absorbed only renders him the more interesting. He exceeds the most brilliant of my favourites in wit, my gown mandarins in knowledge, and the military ones in heroic ardour and martial deportment ; and his extreme youth renders his extraordinary talents still more wonderful. Were I to be so abandoned by the divine powers, Tien and Changti, as to form the rapacious wish of being a conqueror, I would request Amazan to lead my warriors, and be certain of subduing the universe. I rejoiced in his visit to my court, although the melancholy which at times disorders him claimed my pity.”

“ Oh, august emperor ! Amazan is in your court, and was not of our party ! I be-

seech you to send for him immediately ; let me undeceive him, let me remove the oppression from his heart !”

“ Alas ! charming princess, I wish it were in my power ; but the amiable Amazon quitted my court this morning, without revealing to any one the place of his destination.”

“ This is a mortal blow ! O, my phoenix, am I not unfortunate ? How could the all-perfect Amazon quit so abruptly a court like this, so polite and agreeable, where he was esteemed ?”

“ Unfortunately, madam, one of the most beautiful princesses in my family was too susceptible of his perfections. Princesses, under certain circumstances, such as a supposed disparity of birth, think themselves privileged to make the first advances. Of this privilege my fair cousin took advantage, confessed her love, and appointed him to meet her to-day at noon. He quitted Cambula by break of day, and left this letter for my unhappy cousin, who is too proud to endure a slight. Fits, tears,

and rage agitated her bosom. She flew to me with the letter, and conjured me to have him brought back to my court ; and it was some time before I could argue her into calmness. She threw away the letter with disdain, and I kept it as a proof of constancy. You, princess, will peruse it with pleasure."

Formosanta read the letter written by her Amazan, which was thus worded :

" Amazan to the Princess of China :

" Beautiful and amiable princess ! you deserve a heart which has never been sacrificed upon the altar of love, the victim of another royal fair one. I have vowed, before the immortal gods, to love Formosanta Princess of Babylon, and never to love any other, and I will keep my vow, although she has plighted hers to the cruel King of Egypt, who killed my beautiful phoenix which I had left in her care. O, Princess of China, I am the most wretched

among men ! When I heard the fatal tidings that Formosanta had given herself to another, and that I must no longer hope for her love, my father was just dead : yet unable to remain on the spot where my severe doom to suffer endless misery had been pronounced, I tore myself from my afflicted mother, flew from my country, and solemnly vowed to wander over the world, and to be faithful to my vows. You, princess, must despise, and the gods would punish me, were I to violate them. May you soon be blessed with a happy lover who will love you, as Formosanta is beloved by the faithful

“AMAZAN.”

“Amazon loves me ! He thinks I am a capricious, ungrateful wretch, and yet for me he refuses the Princess of China, who loves him ! Matchless constancy ! Gracious emperor, will you deign to give me this despised letter ? To me it will afford happiness in the midst of disappointments

and misfortunes. Has your majesty heard which road my faithful Amazan took, when he departed from Cambula ?”

“ He was met on the road which leads to Scythia.”

The princess immediately ordered her carriage to be got ready, took a most respectful leave of the excellent Emperor of China, and set out, hoping to overtake her beloved fugitive.

LII. SCYTHIA.

When the Princess Formosanta arrived at Scythia she was surprised to see how governments differed. Here she beheld an open country covered with tents, in which, instead of houses, all the inhabitants of Scythia resided. Such a hostile appearance struck her with terror : she thought herself in a field of battle.

When she asked in what part of that immense encampment she should find the Khan,

she was informed that he was gone to Babylon with three hundred thousand of his warriors ; but that their Queen Aldea, a beautiful Babylonian Princess, whom he had lately married, was in her tent. Formosanta exclaimed,

“ Good heaven ! has the Khan of Scythia married my cousin Aldea, the sister of my Amazan ? I shall certainly find him with her. Conduct me to the Queen of Scythia.”

The cousins had never been extremely fond of each other ; the Princess Aldea had always beheld Formosanta as one who usurped the exalted situation which was *her* right, and she severely felt the disagreeableness of being a dependent in a kingdom that she deemed her own. Now, however, they met with sincere pleasure. The uncommon incidents which they had to relate, their seeing each other so unexpectedly in a distant land, conspired to obliterate from their minds every trace of former coldness. They embraced with tears of joy. Aldea felt herself no longer a dependent ; she was

Queen of Scythia, and her brother had the right to Babylon. Formosanta forgot every thing but that Aldea was the sister of Amazon, and the cousins were warmer friends at Scythia, in a few minutes, than they ever had or ever would have been in the court of Babylon.

The queen paid her compliments to the lady Irla, and was greatly surprised to see the bird which had been killed. Formosanta gave her a concise account of his revival. She then said,

“ Ah, my sly cousin! who would have thought of your marrying the brave Khan of Scythia in such a hurry?”

“ Why truly, my dear cousin, I should not have married in such a *hurry*, nor perhaps at all, if your father had not laid a restraint on me; and I confess that I considered myself to have an undoubted right to one of your kings, and have chosen the best. But who could have thought that the stranger, the handsome shepherd, who performed so gracefully every thing that the oracle required, was my brother, when I

knew not that I had such a relative? I have sent an express after the Khan, for I am sure my brother is able to fight for his own right, if he chooses to do so: but *now* I think every thing may be settled without a war."

"How happy you must be to have your dear brother with you!"

"I should have been happy if he were not the most miserable of men, owing to a ridiculous blackbird, whose false report has certainly disordered his brain. He staid with me four days."

"And is he not with you *now*? Surely he has not left *you*, who are his sister, in the abrupt manner that he did the Emperor of China?"

"He did, indeed, and for much the same reason. One of the handsomest and greatest ladies in Scythia, who at the same time is not the most reserved, was quite captivated with my dismal brother, and made it her sole occupation to divert his melancholy; and he, not choosing to be diverted, eloped in the night, but not with the Scythian lady,

as his sister did with the Scythian monarch ; he left her in despair, weeping over a cold letter."

" O, my dear cousin ! procure me that letter, that second dear proof of his love for me ! But where is he gone ?"

" To pay a visit to the Cimmerians. I am sure he is very much to blame for roaming about from place to place so wildly."

" I will follow him immediately to the Cimmerians ! Farewell, dear cousin ! I fly to seek my Amazan, my constant love !"

The Queen of Scythia thought Formosanta more frantic than Amazan ; yet as she herself had felt the effects of love, she the readier could excuse their violence in another. She pitied Formosanta, sincerely wished her a happy meeting with her lover, and promised to clear up every thing if she should see Amazan before the princess and he were so fortunate as to have a happy interview. Her majesty, at parting, presented the princess of Babylon with some beautiful Zibelin skins, and she, in

return, gave the Queen of Scythia, a number of Gangaridian diamonds.

LIII. THE CIMMERIANS.

The princess and her suite soon arrived at the Cimmerian empire, which appeared to be more extensive and less populated than the dominions of the Khan of Scythia. After travelling over a vast space of country, she entered a large city, which had been greatly improved by the reigning empress, who was then making a progress through her empire, on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, in order to view *herself* the state of her provinces, to inquire into and redress the grievances of her subjects.

As the empress was absent, the principal magistrate of that ancient city, the moment he was informed of the arrival of the Babylonian Princess, came forth to pay her every honour and attention usually paid to royal strangers in that country by the em-

press, who was the politest and most liberal sovereign in the world, and who he knew would be pleased to hear that he had received an illustrious princess with the respect which she herself would, had she been present.

Formosanta was accommodated with apartments in the palace, and entertained with great elegance. The Cimmerian lord who did the honours of the court, being an excellent natural philosopher, amused himself greatly in conversing with the phoenix, who said to the nobleman,

“ I am surprised to see such a vast alteration in this country since I travelled through it about three hundred years ago. At that period nature here appeared in her rudest and most gloomy horrors ; and *now* I see the very spot converted into the cheerful abode of industry, the arts, magnificence, and politeness.”

“ This wonderful transformation was begun by one man, and brought to the perfection you see by one woman, who is a greater legislator than the Isis of Egypt, or

the Ceres of Greece. Lawgivers in general have evinced a confined genius and a national prejudice, which limited their views solely to their own countries, and considered the inhabitants as the first people upon the earth, and for that reason encouraged them to be at variance with all the rest of the world. Their customs, institutions, and religion were all established for themselves alone. The Egyptians, so famous for their pyramids, disgraced themselves by their barbarous superstitions, which impelled them to think all other nations profane, and to reject every intercourse with them. Now and then, indeed, one more liberal-minded being will arise above the vulgar prejudices, who will follow the laws of nature engraven upon his heart, and revolt against those repugnant to reason and philanthropy.

“ Our excellent empress considers her extensive empire so united to every quarter of the globe, that it is obligated to maintain a friendly correspondence with every nation ; to effect which, her first rule is universal

toleration; and the second, a generous compassion for the weakness and errors of human nature. Her penetrating genius perceives that morality is the same in every country, although the modes of religious worship may greatly differ. Thus has she united her subjects to those of every nation, and the Chinese and Scandinavians will soon be regarded as their brethren. She has already obtained by this conduct, the title of parent of her people; and if her endeavours succeed to establish the strong and invaluable bond of society, *toleration*, among her neighbours, she may justly be styled the benefactress of mankind.

“ Before his time the Cimmerian monarchs sent forth legions to ravage foreign countries, and to deluge the lands with the blood of those who toiled to cultivate them. Then assassins were called heroes, and robberies glorious achievements: but our benign sovereign seeks glory more sublime; she sends her armies forth as harbingers of peace, to reconcile the hostile powers, and render them the friends and

benefactors of each other, and of their countries ; and thus she waves her standard over the universe as the ensign of tranquillity of friendship among mankind."

The phoenix was charmed with the character of the empress, and declared it exceeded every thing that he had heard of crowned heads during the whole of his very long life. He then made some inquiries concerning his dear Amazan, and the Cimmerian lord told him, that although he was highly esteemed at their court, he had quitted it suddenly, lest he should falsify a vow of constancy, as he was greatly admired by the ladies. The phoenix went immediately to acquaint Formosanta of Amazan's fidelity, and that it was believed he had gone to Scandinavia ; for which place the princess set off directly.

LIV. THE OBSERVATIONS OF AMAZAN.

When Amazan arrived at Scandinavia he was surprised to see a monarch and his subjects amicably combined in a manner, which, from his observations on other states, he imagined to be inconsistent; the labourers in agriculture acted as legislators with the chiefs of the realm.

In another country, he observed that a youthful prince, famous for his justice and magnanimity, by only a solemn contract with the people, had acquired sovereign authority over the nation.

On the throne of Sarmatia he observed a philosopher, who might be called the king of anarchy, for he was the chief of a hundred thousand petty kings, each of whom had power to render ineffectual the designs of all the rest. Æolus had not greater difficulty to keep the raging winds within their proper bounds, than had this monarch

to reconcile the tumultuous jarring spirits of these his subject kings, yet he steered the vessel safely through contending hurricanes, for he was a steady and a skilful pilot.

As he traversed the immense continent of Germany he observed with wonder and delight the progress which reason and philosophy had made in the north; even the princes were enlightened and became the promoters of mental liberty: their education had not been entrusted to men, who, *deceived themselves*, had an interest in deceiving princes; these were brought up to be the friends of moral and *truly* good men in every nation; and, contemning superstitious prejudices, had abolished a senseless unnatural custom, which was to render a large portion of both sexes inactive and useless beings in the world, by making them vow an eternal separation from each other, and confining them in the solitary cells of large and gloomy prisons; a superstitious frenzy which had depopulated the southern countries more than the most destructive wars.

In traversing these countries so distant from his own, Amazan, dreading to trust himself in the way of temptation, if he became acquainted with an innocent engaging beauty, or found himself beseiged by a captivating wanton, thought the surest way to keep his vow was to quit the country, for he resolved to set an example of true fidelity ; therefore, as he found modest and wanton beauties in every country, he was continually flying away from the pursuing Formosanta, who was generally within a day or two of overtaking him.

LV. BATAVIA.

From Germany Amazan proceeded to Batavia; when he arrived in this country his affliction was in some degree soothed by perceiving that the manners of the people slightly resembled those of his happy countrymen, the Gangarids. He saw the Batavians blessed with liberty, property, equality,

and toleration: he found the ladies modest and domestic; they never thought of loving until beloved, and as their beauty was not exactly to his taste, he could have staid safely in that country for some time, if the Batavians had not excited his curiosity to visit Albion, by the praises they bestowed on that little island, to which he was told a favourable easterly wind would waft him in four hours; he therefore immediately embarked with his unicorns for that country, more celebrated than the Atlantic Isle or the famous Tyre.


Formosanta, doomed to be disappointed, had followed Amazan to the banks of the Volga, the Vistula, the Elbe, and the Weser, now arrived at the mouth of the Rhine, where it disembogues its waters into the German Ocean, just after he had sailed for Albion. She fancied that she could perceive the vessel that contained her fugitive, and uttered a cry of joy, which greatly surprised the calm ladies of Batavia, who had no idea of violent love, nor did they admire the phoenix greatly, because his feathers, beautiful as they were, would not sell for

near so good a price as those of their ducks and other water fowl.

The princess of Babylon had no sooner hired two vessels to convey her to the island, which would soon contain the sole object of her wishes; the idol of her heart, and the soul of her existence, than an unpropitious wind arose suddenly from the west, and cruelly detained the impatient Formosanta on the Batavian shore.

She was seized with a deep melancholy; she went to her bed, and resolved not to arise from it until the wind was favourable to her wishes, but alas! the provoking wind blew from the same quarter with unremitting violence for the space of eight days; tedious time to Formosanta, who dreaded lest her Amazon should quit Albion before she could arrive there!

During this distressing period she purchased many novels and romances, and Irla read continually to divert the princess. The Batavians are not wits themselves, but as they are the factors of the universe they traffic in the wit as well as they do in the various other commodities of the different



nations of the earth. Some nations were so *polite* as to prohibit several works which had been written by their natives, that they might be published in Batavia to enrich the booksellers of that country*.

The princess hoped to find in the new romances some interesting love adventure similar to her own, or some entertaining tale to divert her woe ; but nothing which Irla read could interest her mind ; solely occupied by *one* object, nothing could prevent her from interrupting the reader every minute, by asking the phoenix if the wind was changed to the east.

LVI. ALBION.

When Amazan was travelling in his carriage drawn by six unicorns to the capital of Albion, his thoughts fixed on Formosanta, he came up to a coach which was overturned in a dry ditch ; the coachman stood by his

* Voltaire alludes in this remark to some of his own works, which, after they had been suppressed in France, were printed in Holland with great success to the bookseller.

horses which he had disengaged from the coach, the footman had rode off to seek for help, and the owner, Sir Topal Lovechace, was taking a nap along the seat as snugly as if he were in his bed.

Amazan immediately quitted his carriage, roused the baronet, whom he fancied was hurt, and was surprised to hear him cry as he started up,

“ Hillio! Hillio! Hillio, my boys! Zounds! where am I? not cleared the ditch yet!”

Out he jumped, and Amazan without any help lifted up the carriage; Sir Topal Lovechace standing with arms folded, and his hat on one side, said carelessly,

“ D—mme, my boy, you are a devilish strong dog!”

By this time the servant arrived with some men to whom he had promised money for their assistance, and they no sooner heard from the coachman *who* had raised the coach out of the ditch, than they came up to Amazan doubling their fists and swearing that they would box him one after another; for no out-landish puppy should come into *their* country to cheat them of

the money which had been promised, without getting a round or two for doing their jobs for them; they wanted him to strip, and one to provoke him aimed a blow at his head; on which Amazan seizing one in each hand threw them at some distance. They instantly uttered shouts of applause, swore he was a brave fellow and ought to have been a true born son of Albion. They now with great respect begged his honour would give them a trifle to drink his honour's health, and when he gave them more money than they ever possessed, they threw their hats in the air, and gave him three rounds of grateful huzzas. The baronet said,

“ By G—d! you are a generous soul! What say'st my hearty fellow, wilt dine with me and drink a bottle? Lovechace Hall is but three miles distant.”

Amazan accepted the invitation, and invited the baronet into his carriage, as his own was slightly injured by the overturn. Sir Topal settled himself snugly in the corner, yawned, swore the stag had led him a devilish long chace since day-break, and

riding in a coach, after making a hearty breakfast on cold roast beef, washed down by a cup or two of excellent strong beer, always made him confoundedly sleepy. He nodded, he snored; Amazan thought of Formosa and of her vows to the king of Egypt. The baronet awakened, fixed his eyes for some time on Amazan, then said,

"Ah! how dost do, my brave boy!—A fine set of unicorns faith! make a figure at court;—dash away through the capital;—outdo my beautiful greys ail to nothing!—well-bred, noble carriage, fleet as the wind; six thousand down for them."

"I will not *sell* my unicorns; if you like them they are yours, sir."

"Thou art a noble fellow by G—d! but I hate obligations cursedly, they are such scarce beasts."

"They appear so to you, sir; they are quite common in the Gangarids, I have a fine breed of them."

Amazan then gave the baronet a short description of the Gangarids, and a long one of the princess of Babylon, and, the

cause she had given him to be an unhappy wanderer. Sir Topal nodded several times; once he exclaimed, "Jilts in all countries upon my soul!" Then after a long silence he asked Amazan if they killed fine beef in his country. The Gangaridian replied,

"The bulls are our brethrens, sir, we never eat them on the eastern shore of the Ganges."

"Brethren!—Dreaming of his 'Change Alley by heaven! ha, ha, ha! well said, my fine jew stock broker! brother to bulls, bears, and lame ducks!"

"We have no *lame* ducks in our country."

"No! now that is extraordinary indeed, for I assure you they are waddling out of *our* alley continually."

Amazan, finding that the baronet and he misunderstood each other, endeavoured to make him acquainted with that system of philosophy, afterwards called the Pythagorean, until he found that his companion was fast asleep. His nap continued during the remainder of their journey to Lovechace Hall.

Lady Lovechace received Amazan with a grace and politeness which appeared to be perfectly natural to her; she was young and very lovely, her looks were animated and expressive, and her conversation displayed a cultivated mind; she was modest without affectation, gay without levity.

The baronet was in the prime of manhood, handsome, tall and well-proportioned, sun-burnt as a reaper, unpolished in his manners, and beyond the sports of the field, the course, cock-fighting, a cricket, or a boxing match, his conversation was *nothing*. After a day passed in one or the other of those amusements his greatest comfort was a haunch or a sirloin, and his greatest glory to be carried to bed in a complete state of intoxication.

Fortunately for Amazan, there was a very select party that day to dine at Lovechace Hall, more calculated to converse with wits than with fox-hunters; some were very pleasant and agreeable, others men of a superior genius, and others of profound learning; never was any thing more engaging

than the behaviour of Lady Lovechace to all her guests, particularly to Amazan, because he was a stranger just arrived in the country ; she placed him next herself at dinner, and having heard him say that it was not the custom of his country to eat a part of any being who had received the celestial gift of life, she attentively helped him to the choicest things within the rule of his accustomed mode of eating.

The extreme beauty of the young Gangaridian, the manly graces of his person, and the fascinating charms of his conversation, seemed to compel the lady of the mansion to draw comparisons between Amazan and Sir Topal, greatly to the prejudice of the latter, to whom she had been married at a very early age by her parents, because he possessed an immense estate ; she never loved him, but his indifference to *her* and his attachment to the *bottle* at length made her hate him, and her valuable but neglected heart felt too forcibly the uncommon attractions of the all-perfect stranger, who frequently gazed on her with tender compas-

sion, as he silently wished that such a beautiful and amiable woman had married a man who would have been sensible of the blessing he enjoyed.

Amazan was surprised at the length of time the dinner lasted ; it was quite night, and Sir Topal still continued to interrupt improving and entertaining discourse by calling upon his guests for toasts, and when the lady invited the gentlemen to attend the tea-table, Amazan was the first to comply, and his example was followed by many others: the baronet still kept his seat with a few companions. In the drawing room Amazan sat next to a sensible and intelligent member of parliament, of whom he inquired many things concerning Albion. The gentleman said, .

“ I will give you the history of Albion in a few words. Notwithstanding the climate is extremely uncertain, her hardy sons for a long time would not submit to the incumbrance of garments, yet they were forced in time to subject themselves to a people who came from the ancient country

of Saturn, whose banks are washed by the Tiber: but foreigners have not done half the mischief to us that we have done to ourselves by our internal disagreements.

“ One of our sovereigns was so pusillanimous as to take an oath, which subjected himself and his people to vassalage under the tyranny of a priest, called the Old Man of the Seven Mountains, who dwells also on the banks of the Tiber, and domineers over great part of Europe. To this period of infamous debasement succeeded dreadful times of confusion and barbarity. Our country, tempestuous as the waves which surround it, was torn to pieces and deluged with blood by civil discord; our kings were hurled from their thrones and basely murdered; our princes were doomed to end their lives upon a scaffold, while their wretched adherents suffered still more inhumanly. In those days the executioner terminated all our differences, and ought to have written the history of Albion in the blood of her sons.

“ After the divisions of ambition, arose



those of religion; again our island beheld the inhumane contrasts of assassins and their victims; executioners and sufferers—plunderers and the oppressed. And what you will, I am sure, think very strange, one half of the people, and that the most desperate, plundered, executed, and assassinated, in the name of the Eternal Being, the mild and just!”

“ They must have been bitten by a mad dog, or, in the frenzy of a raging fever,” exclaimed Amazan. The gentleman replied:

“ No, Sir; theirs was a religious, or rather a fanatic mania, very destructive to the world. But could you or any one believe that from this chaos of ignorance, fanaticism, dissension, and cruelty, should spring the most perfect government in the world? Yet such was fortunately for Albion the event. A prince, wealthy and honoured, powerful to do good, unable to do evil, now reigns over the Albions, a commercial, warlike, free, and enlightened people, whose representatives

share in the legislature with the nobles and the monarch.

“ When our kings aimed at arbitrary government, civil wars, anarchy, and destruction laid waste the country. And since they have been satisfied with a limited authority, it has been blessed with riches, tranquillity, and happiness. Our victorious fleets proclaim our glory from coast to coast ; our just laws secure our fortunes and our lives ; no arbitrary judge can condemn the poorest citizen without the consent of twelve brother citizens. Were the highest magistrate to order a prisoner for execution without the proper forms, he himself would be condemned to suffer as an assassin.

“ I must inform you, that two adverse parties always keep up the spirit of the nation, by politically writing and intriguing against each other. These parties watch over one another, and mutually prevent a violation of the sacred laws and rights of their country ; they dislike each other like jealous lovers who adore one mistress, and whenever she is menaced by danger, forget

their animosity, and with the truest emulation, constantly re-unite and arm as friends in the defence of Albion and her glorious liberty. With the same spirit and genius that we support the natural rights of mankind, do we penetrate the secrets of nature and encourage the arts and sciences. This is an impartial account of our island in its ancient and present state. I have neither concealed our shame, nor exaggerated our glory."

Amazan was delighted with this account of Albion, and wished to be instructed in its laws, arts, and sciences; he wished to pass his days in Albion; but the princess of Babylon had unsettled his mind for study, and filial affection for his mother, his vow to wander, and a natural love for his native country, checked his wishes, and he said:

"I should like to stay in Albion; but I have vowed to roam from place to place. I must fly if possible from my thoughts. I will see the Seven Mountains, the Old Man, and the people who were once the conquer-

ers of Albion ; surely they must be the first people on the earth !”

“ By all means I would have you visit the Seven Mountains, particularly if you have a taste for music and painting ; even the Albions visit the Seven Mountains, to banish spleen and melancholy. But you will be amazed when you behold the descendants of the conquerors of Albion.”

Soon after this long conversation the company departed, and Amazan, who had been desired by the Baronet to stay all night, was left to sup tête-à-tête with Lady Lovechace. She exerted all her enchanting powers to dispel the melancholy of Amazan, and to conquer her own, yet too frequently were her languishing eyes suffused with tears. The Baronet staggered into the room in the most disgusting state of drunkenness, and in reeling to a chair, fell upon the carpet, where he went to sleep, and was carried to bed by his servants. Amazan's eyes seemed to ask the lady if that brute was to be her companion for the night ; she

also seemed to understand the silent question; by saying :

“ Thank Heaven, we have long had separate beds.”

Amazan started up, wished her a good night, and instead of going into the chamber allotted for him, ordered his carriage, and quitted Lovechace Hall.

LVII. VENICE.

On his way back to Batavia, Amazan amused himself with a map of the world, which Lady Lovechace had given to him, as the member of parliament wished to show him the situation of Albion. He found the Danube, the Rhyne, the Alps of Tyrol, and all the countries he must pass before he arrived at the Banks of the Tiber. He then fixed his eyes upon his native country of the Gangarids; and when looking for Babylon, where he had first beheld his dear Formo-

santa, the fatal Bassora caught his eye; *Bassora*, where she had plighted her vows to Pharaoh, and destroyed his happiness for ever! He threw down the map; heart-rending sighs escaped his trembling lips, and tears flowed from his eyes. After some time he looked again at his map, gazed on the winding Thames, reflected on the inhabitants who graced its banks, and thought their laws and their manners in general must be far superior to those of the nations on the Banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges.

As he was returning to Batavia, and Formosanta going full sail to Albion, their vessels passed each other!—they almost touched: had it been day the lovers might have seen and spoken to one another; they were close together, and they knew it not; they might have been happy; but, alas! tyrannic fate opposed their meeting!

Amazan no sooner landed on Batavia's shore than he set out for the city of the Seven Mountains. He was obliged to cross the southern part of Germany.

In that part of the country he was shocked at the number of beggars, and surprised at meeting with princes, princesses, and maids of honour, at every fourth or fifth mile, and he flew through the country to avoid temptation.

Having passed the Alps, he embarked at Dalmatia, and arrived at the strangest city he had ever seen; the houses seemed to be built in the water, and the people were conveyed to them in boats and barges finely decorated; music, vocal and instrumental, sounding from every one which passed was gay and agreeable; but not a human face could he distinguish; men and women in every part of the city wore pasteboard faces grotesquely painted, or covered with black or white silk, to conceal their own, and their dresses were all various and fantastical.

He was offered a great choice of masks and dresses, and told that he *must* purchase a dress and a mask, as all other strangers did who came to the carnival; but he could not be prevailed upon to follow a fashion he detested, and walked about undisguised

amidst a crowd of spectres, for such they appeared to him.

His manly beauty and fine figure attracted the notice, not only of those gay ladies who can be as free without masks as with, but also of others superior in rank, who, beneath the shelter of a mask, will say and do many things which they would not hazard *without*. The constant Amazon was continually surrounded by groups of gay girls, whose light dresses and fine attitudes displayed a thousand beauties ; or if he escaped from those enchanting dancers, others would intercept his steps, and sing to their soft lutes strains calculated to melt the most obdurate soul to love, while the rosy lips which breathed such harmony were plainly seen beneath the transparent curtain of the mask. Amazon broke away from the harmonious sirens and rushed precipitately through the motley throng, exclaiming in a frantic manner :

“ Formosanta ! Oh, Formosanta ! how thou excellest in the sublimity of thy beauty these Venetian girls ! I will, I *will* be faithful to my vow !”

He went immediately to his inn, threw himself on his bed, and at day-break, when all the gay ones were retired to rest, he arose and pursued his journey towards the banks of the Tiber.

LVIII. THE CITY OF THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS.

At length Amazan beheld the Tiber's yellow waves, and a few pale, emaciated beings in tattered garments ran before him, and announced his arrival at the gate of that once glorious city of legislators and heroes, who polished and conquered great part of the globe.

He expected to have beheld at the triumphal gate warlike battalions, commanded by heroes, but the only guard he perceived was about thirty meagre, ragged persons, who had mounted guard with parasols to screen them from the sun. He thought if

the people had ceased to be warriors he should no doubt still find them an assembly of demi-gods in their capitol, giving laws to mankind.

He entered a very fine temple, although it was not so magnificent as that of Babylon, and beheld a number of tall stout men with smooth, effeminate faces; this rather surprised him, but when he heard them sing with the voices of young girls, he was quite astonished, and said to himself:

“What strange beings are the inhabitants of this and the city I have just quitted! In *that* they preferred peeping through pasteboard faces to shewing their own; and in this it seems to be a fashion for the men to imitate young women; even the soldiers affect to be delicate beauties, and mount guard with their parasols!”

When the singing ceased, a venerable figure, who, one of the congregation told him, was the Old Man of the Seven Mountains, went with great ceremony to the gate of the temple, and stretching forth his right arm, his thumb raised, two fingers ex-

tended, and two bent inward, seemed to cut the air in four divisions, as he exclaimed, "*Urbi et Orbi*," which denoted that his blessing and protection extended over the city and the world. This figure was mysterious to Amazan.

Before the temple was quite deserted a person offered to conduct him to see the ruins, pictures, and statues, which were master-pieces in their kind, and venerable monuments of antiquity; they proclaimed the taste, skill, and grandeur, of former times. Amazan admired them greatly, and said :

" Can you shew any productions of the reserent day equal to these ?"

" Oh, no, your excellency, we deal in antiquities, and despise the moderns."

Amazan wished to see the palace of his holiness, for that he found was the title giver to the Old Man of the Seven Mountains, and was immediately conducted to it. There he beheld men in scarlet robes, going in and out, and others in violet-coloured robes, very busy reckoning the revenues of lands

situated on the Danube, the Loire, the Guadalquiver, and the Vistula. After consulting his map, he said:

“ I find that his holiness possesses all Europe, like the ancient heroes of the Seven Mountains.

“ He ought, in divine right, to possess the universe; and there was a time when his predecessors had nearly compassed universal sovereignty; but since their holinesses have been so humble as to content themselves with a tribute from the kings and their people.”

“ He may then in reality be called the King of Kings.”

“ His holiness is meekly called the servant of servants; he is descended from a fisherman, who was also a porter, therefore, the armorial bearings of his holiness are keys and a fishing net; but at present he issues his orders to every king in Christendom. It is not long since he sent a hundred and one mandates to a King of Celtes, and the king obeyed them.”

“ I suppose the fisherman sent five or six

hundred thousand men to execute his orders?"

"No, I assure your Excellency his Holiness is not so rich as to keep *ten* thousand warriors in pay, but he has five or six hundred thousand divine prophets dispersed in various countries, who are supported by the people; and these prophets proclaim his right to open all locks particularly those of strong boxes. Who would be so sacrilegious as to contend with his Holiness, who, whether he deigns to speak or to write, can never err?"

"In truth he must be a very extraordinary personage; I should like to dine with him."

"Were your Excellency a king you could not have the privilege of dining at the same table with his Holiness, but he might permit you to sit down at one smaller and lower placed near his. If you wish for the honor of speaking with him, I will endeavour to obtain an audience for you; in consideration of the *buona mancia*, which your liberal Excellency will give me for the undertaking, which is rather attended with difficulties."

“ Will that reward your trouble?”

“ Yes, your Excellency, it is a vast gift! I will introduce you to-morrow. You must bow very low three times, and then, prostrating yourself humbly, you must kiss the great toe of his Holiness with reverential awe.”

Amazan laughed so heartily at this queer whim of the Old Man, that he quitted the palace and violet-robed gentleman-usher without being able so utter a word, dined at his hotel, and then immediately quitted the city of the Seven Mountains, completely disgusted with the manners of the men, and wishing to avoid the women.

LIX. GALLIA.

When Amazan arrived at the city of Gallia, he was told that it had formerly been ravaged by the heroes of the country which he had just left, and long submitted to their bondage, and that ages after, when freed

from them, other heroic plunderers came from the farther Banks of the Rhine, and seized upon the lands, but that at the period he arrived, after experiencing all the troubles created by ignorance, folly, and barbarity, it was become a noble and populated kingdom; the people were a strange mixture of the sensible, ridiculous, industrious, idle, good-natured, and cruel.

The idlers formed a large part of the community. They studied nothing but fashion, and the art of amusing themselves and others; their lives passed away in a rapid whirl of gaiety and frivolity, and fortune supplied them, like spoiled children, with extravagant playthings to prevent them from fretting. If ever the horrors of the wars which had laid waste their country, or those dreadful periods when one half the people, for a trifling difference in opinion, massacred the other, happened to be the subjects of conversation, these gay idlers would shrug up their shoulders, sigh, and say :

“ Alas ! those were barbarous times ! ”
then dance, laugh, and sing a catch. Yet

these triflers set themselves up as the sole judges of the productions of artists and of literary men.

As a horrible contrast to these idlers, come the mysterious, artful, gloomy, and cruel fanatics, whose presence diffuses melancholy and terror over mankind, and whose inhuman hearts are industriously occupied in devising tortures for their fellow creatures; and these fanatics would spread destruction through the world, if the gay triflers did not enliven it with their brilliant amusements and sprightly songs, and chase them into their cells as day-light and the warbling birds drive owls and bats into their ivy-covered haunts.

There comes between the idlers and the fanatics, a sensible, enlightened few, who preserve a happy medium between the gloomy severity of the one party, and the dissipated gaiety of the other. With these all foreigners should cultivate a friendship, that they may not totally despise nor abhor the nation.

These remarks Amazan heard at the house

of a lady, and every thing convinced him that both herself, and the society she introduced him to, were a part of the enlightened few; for there he found freedom without indelicacy, sense without pedantry, mirth without tumult, and wit without asperity.

The next day he was invited to dine with a party of the idlers, whom he found far less amiable but more dangerous; they were fascinating voluptuaries, who relaxed the fortitude of the soul insensibly, and drew it by degrees into the vortex of dissipation.

His companions took him to the opera, composed of enchanting airs, dances which expressed the emotions of the soul, and beautiful perspectives which charmed the eyes, by deceiving them. Amazan, whose spirits had been more than usually elevated by the wine which he had drank and the conversation of his gay companions, was particularly delighted with a species of amusement so entertaining, and to him so *new*. He was also very much charmed with a female who performed an interesting character; he admired the gracefulness of her

actions, his soul was captivated by her harmonious strains; he expressed himself warmly in her praise, and after the opera she was introduced to him.

She was beautiful and engaging; Amazan presented her with a handful of fine brilliants. She expressed the most lively gratitude, offered to sup with him, and to sing some of her most enchanting airs to amuse him. He knew that she made singing her business, and that he could pay her liberally for exerting her inimitable voice, therefore, without hesitation, he ordered supper: his friends were engaged elsewhere. During the repast he forgot his accustomed moderation in regard to wine, and after it was ended, and she was enchanting his senses with her melodious voice, he forgot his vow of flying from seducing attractions. What an instance of human frailty !

At this unfortunate moment of Amazan's weakness, the Princess of Babylon arrived with her train at the gates of the city. She inquired of the magistrates if the handsome,

sensible, courageous, and faithful Amazon was still in that city. Amazon had been too much the admiration of Gallia for the magistrates to be strangers to him, and the Princess was immediately conducted to his hotel. How her heart palpitated! She should once more behold the most perfect of mankind, the example of constancy!

She was informed that he was at home; she wished to surprise him, and would not permit the domestic to announce her; he therefore pointed to a door, and told her that his master was in the second apartment; she entered the first with trembling steps, and blushing transport; the second had a glass door, which was shut, but directly opposite stood a sofa; she beheld her Amazon, not grieving for her inconstancy, but encircled by the arms of a lovely brunette, on whose bosom he reclined in a profound sleep. Formosanta, uttering an exclamation of surprise and horror, fell senseless into the arms of Irla, who discreetly bore her from the scene of Amazon's infidelity; and when the Princess was suffi-

ently recovered to utter her complaints to the Phoenix, Irla went to make inquiries of the domestics concerning the lady who was so familiarly situated with Amazan.

When Irla told Formosanta that the lady was a singer at the opera, and had never been with Amazan before that night, the Princess exclaimed, the tears streaming from her eyes:

“ Oh, Heaven! Oh! all powerful Oromazes! for whom am I forsaken? and *by whom?* by Amazan! who, for my sake, has rejected so many princesses! for *him* to abandon me *now* for a Gallic opera singer! No, I can never survive this affront!”

“ Believe me, Princess,” said Irla, “ this is but the transient passion of a moment; by thinking himself in no danger, he has fallen into the snare which an artful wanton has spread for him. When he awakens he will behold her with disgust.”

“ Irla, the fault is committed, and I will never see him more; let us depart instantly—*instantly*: I will not stay another minute in this fatal place.”

“ Stay, Princess,” said the Phoenix, “ I conjure you to stay until Amazon awakens, and I have spoken to him.”

“ I will not stay ; he does not deserve that you should speak to him. You will disoblige me extremely if you attempt it. He would think that I desired you to reproach him, and that I wished to be reconciled to him ; no, no, I will leave him to his opera girl. If you love me, my Phoenix, you will not speak to Amazon after his insulting me in this manner.”

The Phoenix owed his life to Formosanta, and he thought it would be ungrateful to disobey her. When they were ready to depart, Irla said :

“ And whither, madam, do you mean to go now ?”

Alas ! I know not, Irla ! any where—*any where* ! so I fly far from the false Amazon ! Tell my people to take the first road.”

The Phoenix was vexed at her taking such a precipitate step, which he knew was equally afflicting to herself as it would be to Amazon. After soothing her into a calmer

state of mind, he ventured to remonstrate with her on the severity of her conduct to Amazan, who had withstood so nobly every serious temptation which had been thrown in his way, and assured her that this adventure had nothing to do with the pure affections of his heart, but was a mere momentary forgetfulness of his vow, permitted no doubt by the all-wise Oromazes to convince him of the futility of human resolutions. He told her to reflect that Amazan was but a man, and consequently could not be perfect; yet such was his disposition, that from suffering himself to fall into this error, he would become more firmly virtuous, and more constant in his love than ever, as the wish of expiating his fault would exalt him nearer to divine perfection, and render him still more deserving of her love.

The bird had the art of persuasion. Formosanta regretted that she had been so precipitate; she began to think, for the first time since she left the Gangarids, that the unicorns went on at a most provoking rate, yet she was ashamed to return or even to

stop. Violent was the conflict in her bosom between love and vanity ; the one urged her to forgive Amazan, the other to resent his conduct. She let the unicorns continue their speed, and she was doomed to traverse the world in obedience to the Babylonian oracle.

When Amazan was informed of the arrival of the Princess, of her being admitted into his apartment, her fainting, her distraction when she recovered, of the vow she had taken never to forgive him, and of her abrupt departure, he exclaimed in an agony :

“ Formosanta must have been true to *me*, and I, *I* have been false to *her* ! I have but one thing more to do—that is, to overtake her, and *expire* at her feet.”

LX. ADVENTURES IN SEVILLA.

Amazan had no difficulty in tracing the route which the Princess of Babylon had

taken ; in every place he found the still fascinated inhabitants talk of the beautiful Princess, her bird, and her unicorns, and the Banks of the Loire, the Dordogne, Garonne, and the Gironde, still resounded with exclamations of surprise.

When he arrived at the foot of the Pyrenees, the inhabitants obliged him, much against his will, to dance a lively dance, called the Tambourine ; but after passing the Pyrenees, nothing appeared like joy or gaiety. If here and there a peasant was heard to sing, it was some doleful ditty ; the inhabitants all habited in black, with each a rosary and a poniard pendant from their belts, stalked with at much solemnity as if they were attending a funeral.

If the servants of Amazan asked these grave personages any questions, they answered only by signs ; if they entered an inn, the host informed them in a few words that he had nothing in his house which they inquired for, but that he could send three miles for them. But when these votaries to

taciturnity were asked if they had seen the beautiful Princess of Babylon pass that way, they replied with rather less brevity than usual:

“ We have seen her ; she is not so handsome as our brown beauties ; that alabaster fairness is disagreeable ; we scarcely ever see such a skin in our country.”

Amazan advanced toward the province, watered by the Betis. The Tyrians cultivated Betica, which the natives had never taken the trouble to do, thinking that their Gallic neighbours ought to come and cultivate their lands for them. The Tyrians had brought some Palestines with them, for the Palestines at that time wandered through every country where money was to be got ; and in Betica by usury, at fifty per cent, they had possessed themselves of nearly all the riches of the country. This made the inhabitants weakly imagine that they were sorcerers, and accuse them as such to the Antropokaies, or Inquisitors, who, without hesitation, seized on their property, dressed

them in frightful masquerade habits, and then roasted them by a slow fire, *por l'amor de Dias*.


The Princess of Babylon, whose design was to embark on the Betis, and return by Tyre to her father Belus and her native land, arrived at the city of Sevilla, and sent immediately for two rich Palestines, who transacted all the business of the court, and the Phœnix agreed with them, on behalf of the Princess, to furnish her with three ships properly supplied with men and stores for the voyage of herself and suite.

While this contract was making, the hostess, who was a great devotee, and her husband, who was a familiar, or spy to the Antropokaies, agreed in the opinion that the Princess must be a sorceress, and that she and the two Palestines were entering into a compact with the Devil, in the form of a large glittering bird, and that it was their duty to give immediate information to the holy inquisitors; and when those grave persecutors heard that the lady was in possession of an immense quantity of fine large

diamonds, they were convinced that she must be a sorceress, and they would take care to punish her accordingly.

As the Antropokaies were not very courageous, they waited until night, when the two hundred Gangaridians and their unicorns were asleep in extensive stables, which had been prepared for their accommodation; then, without fear, the cautious personages ventured forth in great ceremony, saw that the doors of the stables were strongly barricaded upon the guards of the Princess, and immediately seized the unprotected Formosanta and the lady Irla, and confined them in separate dungeons. The phoenix, whom they in vain endeavoured to catch, flew swiftly from the city. They however secured the two Palestines, who were also thrown into dark and solitary cells,

The phoenix took his flight from Sevilla toward Gallia, sure of meeting Amazan upon the road, nor was he deceived; they met at the frontiers of Betica, and the phoenix informed him of what had happened to the Princess. Amazan, speechless from rage



and terror, hastily armed himself in a beautiful suit of Scythian armour, which his sister Aldea, Queen of Scythia, had presented to him; it was of polished steel, inlaid with gold; the helmet, plain gold, was shaded with heron and ostrich feathers; his arms were two javelins, a powerful sword called the Thunderer, and an immense spear. When he was ready, and his few attendants had mounted their unicorns, he embraced his phoenix, and said:

“ Alas, my dear bird, I am guilty! had I not suffered myself to be seduced by an opera singer, the Princess of Babylon would not have been in this dangerous situation! But I will fly to Sevilla, conquer the Antropokaies, and release Formosanta.”


On the way, the phoenix informed him of all the adventures which had befallen the Princess since she set out on her pilgrimage until she arrived in Sevilla, and rendered his mind perfectly easy in regard to the King of Egypt.

When they entered the city, they found fifteen hundred Alguazils guarding the sta-

bles which contained the Gangaridians, and great preparations making to burn the lovely sacrifice, Formosanta, Irla, and the two Palestines. The chief Antropokaie and his subalterns were already seated on the sacred tribunal; a crowd of Sevillians, counting their beads and looking solemnly, surrounded the fatal place in profound silence, and presently the beautiful and innocent Princess of Babylon, the no less innocent Irla, and the Palestines, whose only crime was their riches, were brought forth from their dungeon, attired in the horrible masquerade habits, always provided for these inhuman occasions, and with their hands fastened behind them.

At this awful moment appeared the Phœnix, Amazan, and the Gangarids whom he had liberated, mounted upon their unicorns. They had overthrown the Alguazils, and now attacked the Antropokaies and their familiars; the crowd flew away in all directions, holding their consecrated beads, and exclaiming wildly:

“ Por l'amor de Dios !”



Amazan took the chief Inquisitor by the collar, and threw him from his seat at the tribunal on the blazing pile kindled for the lovely Formosanta, and sent the other Inquisitors to keep him company. He then unbound the Princess, and prostrated himself at her feet. She beheld him supplicating her pardon with looks far more expressive than words. The silent eloquence penetrated her heart; blushing, hesitating, angry, transported with joy, she said :

“ Ah ! my cousin Amazan ! how valiant, how amiable thou art ! hadst thou been faithful to me, how I should love thee ! ”

Amazan said every thing which an erring, yet passionate lover could think most likely to reinstate him in the favour of an offended and adored mistress ; but while he was thus endeavouring to make his peace with the relenting Formosanta, and his Gangarids were throwing Antropokaies, their familiars, and executioners upon the pile, which was flaming to the skies, they beheld a long procession approaching.

As it drew nearer they perceived that it

was composed of a hundred open chariots, drawn by mules, harnessed with ropes; and a vast number of men in black cloaks, mounted on very fine horses; this cavalcade was accompanied by a concourse of commoner people on foot. In the first chariot drawn by eight mules, stood a sovereign with his crown upon his head.

Amazan immediately drew up the Gangarids, mounted his unicorn, couched his lance, and advanced. The king took off his crown, descended from his chariot, and embracing the stirrup of Amazan, said :

“ O, man, sent from Heaven! thou art the deliverer of my country; the avenger of mankind! Those cruel fanatics, whom thou hast so justly destroyed in the flames which they had kindled for the innocent, came here, in the name of the Old Man of the Seven Mountains, to be my masters; and if I had restrained their inhuman power, or even attempted to soften their horrid cruelties, my people would have deposed me. From this moment I am free, I reign, and through thy courage !”

The King of Betica then respectfully kissed Formosanta's hand, and requested that she would take a seat in his carriage with Amazan, and Irla, her attendant lady; the bird perched by his majesty, who admired him greatly. As it would have been inconsistent with the dignity of a monarch, who reigned over a grave and stately people, to have moved swiftly, he desired Formosanta and Amazan to relate their adventures, which they had time to do while the mules crept slowly to the palace.

The King was charmed with the lovers and their bird, who was happy to see them once more together. Amazan, no longer jealous of Pharaoh of Egypt, was in extacies; and the Princess, grateful to the valiant hero who had snatched her from a horrible death, forgot the Gallic brunette, and resolved to devote to her deliverer the life which he had so gloriously preserved. Irla and the two Palestines also felt extremely grateful for their rescue from the flames.

Amazan was surprised at the ill-dressed repast which was served up at the royal table,

and thinking the cooks in Betica the worst in Europe, advised the king to send for some from Gallia. When the banquet was over, and the music had ceased, the king said :

“ Now tell me, beautiful princess, and thou brave heir to the crown of Babylon, what is your design ?—whither do you mean to bend your steps ?”

“ I certainly will not leave my cousin Amazan, yet I hope he will think with me, that as my father gave me leave to go only on a short pilgrimage, and I have wandered over the world, my first step ought to be *now* dutifully to return to Babylon, and receive a paternal blessing.”

“ I think it is my duty also to visit Babylon, and demand my cousin Formosanta of her royal father, who, for that precious gift, shall enjoy his throne in peace, and we will divide our time during his life between the court of Babylon and my native home in the Gangarids, with my beloved mother, which I hope will be agreeable both to Belus and his peerless daughter.”

“ I approve highly of your intentions,

they are truly dutiful ; but I fear your return to Babylon will not be so easily accomplished as you imagine. By the Tyrian ships and my Palestine bankers, who correspond with every part of the globe, I hear continually the state of that kingdom. The Khan of Scythia first laid claim to Babylon as the right of his wife, but soon withdrew his Scythians, on being informed that thou, Prince Amazan, wert her brother, and of thy attachment to the Princess Formosanta. But the kings of India and Egypt, with each three hundred thousand warriors, are laying waste the fertile Banks of Tygris and Euphrates, to avenge themselves for being laughed at, beauteous princess, at thy tournament. Nor do the fruitful Banks of the Nile escape ; for since the Egyptian Monarch has been absent from his throne, the King of Ethiopia, his potent foe, has ravaged Egypt. I know not what army the King of Babylon has to oppose his besiegers, whose forces are so immense, and fear that with such a small number of men and unicorns, thou, Prince Amazan, could not defeat them."

“ Why not ? ”

The Sovereign of Betica felt the force of this simple question, *why not ?* yet still he reflected that less than *three hundred* men could scarcely conquer *six hundred thousand*, and after some consideration, said :

“ Through the means of my Palestines I am allied to the King of Ethiopia ; I will give you letters of introduction to him, and as he is at enmity with Pharaoh of Egypt, he will be happy to join in your cause against him. On my own part I can assist you with two thousand sedate and brave men ; and it will depend upon yourselves to engage as many more of the Vascques, a lively, active people, who reside at the foot of the Pyrenees. Send one of your Gangarids upon an unicorn, with a few diamonds to bribe them ; there is not one who will not leave his castle, that is his paternal cottage, to serve you. They are grateful, agreeable, and courageous ; and while you await their arrival, I will entertain you with festivities, and prepare your ships, for I cannot too gratefully acknowledge the service which the Prince Amazan has rendered me.”

The Princess and Amazan thanked his majesty for his kind offer and advice. They sent immediately to the Vascques, and cheerfully partook of the various amusements with which the King of Betica was so polite as to entertain them. They enjoyed all the felicity of a reconciliation, which between such lovers as Amazan and Formosanta far exceeds the transports of a growing passion.

Soon after the troop of grave and haughty Beticans were ready, arrived the joyous Vascques, dancing a tambourine. The good old king had amply supplied the vessels with warlike stores, and every other necessary, particularly with onions, garlic, oil, and black clothes. He then embraced the lovers very tenderly, wished them a prosperous voyage, unchangeable love, and successful victories.

LXI. EGYPT AND BABYLON.

The sable King of Ethiopia beheld the invincible Amazan and the beautiful Formosanta land at the port of Canope. He started in amaze, and thought he saw the Goddess of Beauty led by the God of War.

They were presented to him ; he read the introductory letter from the King of Betica, and received the charming couple in the most amicable manner. He promised to aid their cause, and ordered their arrival to be celebrated in the most festive style. Amazan introduced the Gangarids, unicorns, Beticans, Vascques, and his phœnix to the Ethiopian monarch.

The haughty Beticans said, that they had nothing to do with the King of Ethiopia ; their own King had ordered them to go and succour Babylon, and they were sufficiently

formidable to accomplish *that* without any other aid.

The Vascques declared that they had performed much greater exploits than conquering the Indians and the Egyptians, for which they required no help, and would not march a step farther with the grave Beticans, unless they would fall in the rear.

The Gangarids could not help laughing at the pretensions of their allies; and protested that with only one hundred unicorns they could put to flight all the kings in the world.

Formosanta, uneasy at this contention, went among them, and by her prudent and persuasive discourse perfectly reconciled them to accept of assistance from each other, and by combining their forces render themselves invincible.

During the pastimes the Ethiopian king became so enamoured of Formosanta, that he found it impossible to resist his passion, which the impetuosity of his disposition made him resolve to gratify; forgetful of the laws of hospitality, and one night, soon

after she had retired, he stole into her chamber. The bird, unperceived by the Moorish king, flew out of the room to Amazan, who instantly darted like lightning to the rescue of his Formosanta, who was struggling to free herself from the arms of the Moor ; it seemed a contention between day and night. Amazan seized the sable monarch, dragged him into an adjoining apartment, and struck off his head.

After he had thus punished the Moor for his temerity, Amazan assembled his party, told them of the Ethiopian monarch's insolence and of his vengeance. The Beticans, Vascques, and the Gangarids immediately proposed his driving all the Moors out of Egypt, which was speedily performed.

They then took their way by Memphis, Heliopolis, Arsinoe, Petra, Artemitis, Sora, and Apameus, to deliver Babylon from the besiegers ; and Fame, with her hundred tongues, soon proclaimed to the whole world the victory obtained by Amazan and his army over the kings of Egypt and India, and their six hundred thousand warriors.

Amazan and Formosanta entered the city in triumph. Belus met them. They descended from their triumphal car, and embraced his knees; the venerable monarch clasped them to his bosom, blessed them fervently, and publicly acknowledged Amazan heir to the throne of Babylon, and the destined husband of Formosanta. His majesty then repeated every particular in which Amazan had fulfilled the sacred Oracle which had also been obeyed by his daughter, as she had traversed the globe.

The brave Khan of Scythia and his queen Aldea came to Babylon to grace the royal nuptials, as did also the affectionate and venerable mother of Amazan. This happy festival was celebrated with far more splendour than that at which Amazan first won the heart of Formosanta. A hundred tributary sovereigns were present at the marriage, five hundred poets immortalized the glorious event in Babylonian verses, and the historiographers of the kingdom inserted in their chronicles the extraordinary adven-

tures of Amazan and Formosanta, and their beautiful phœnix.

The End of the Princess of Babylon.



EXTRACTS FROM CANDIDE.

LXII. THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Never were two armies better arranged, or more brilliantly accoutred; never appeared men more fiercely martial; the fifes, hautboys, drums, trumpets, and cannon formed a pandemonium concert.



A grand discharge of cannon overthrew nearly six thousand men on either side ; then volleys of musquet balls exterminated from the best of terrestrial worlds ten thousand *villains*, perhaps who disgraced its surface ; next several thousand were cut down by swords and bayonets ; the whole amount of warriors slain might be thirty thousand.

Candid, who trembled like a philosopher, concealed himself as well as he could during this heroic carnage ; and while the two kings were singing *Te Deum* in their separate camps, he resolved to depart and reason in some quieter situation upon causes and effects. He passed unobserved among heaps of dead and dying warriors, and soon arrived at an Abarian village, which he found had been burnt, according to the rights of war, by the Bulgarians.

Here, by their once happy homes, now fallen in a little heap of smoking ruins, lay the peaceful owners, pierced with many wounds ; some had still the agonizing power of fixing their dying eyes upon their murdered wives, who clasped their infants to

their bleeding bosoms. There expired youth and beauty, violated and destroyed! Half burned amidst the ruins groaned many a hoary sire and feeble matron, soliciting a final blow to end their misery. Candid endeavoured to fly from this horrific scene, but mangled limbs retarded every step he took towards a Bulgarian village, in which he hoped to find a safe asylum. Alas! the heroic Abarians had arrived before him, and a similar scene of death and desolation was presented to his view. Disgusted, terrified, he darted over smothering ruins and mangled villagers, until he arrived beyond the dreadful theatre of war."

LXIII. THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By the time poor Candid arrived in Holland he was totally destitute of money and provision; he had heard that the inhabit-

ants of that country were all rich, and made not the least doubt of receiving immediate assistance from them.

He asked alms of several grave looking personages, but they all answered that, if he continued to follow the trade of begging, they would have him confined in the house of correction, and taught how to live by industry.

Hungry, and despairing of relief, he entered a building where a man was addressing to a large assembly a fine discourse in favor of charity, which held for an hour at least. When the orator came out of the building, Candid accosted him as he had done the others. Looking sternly at the young beggar, he said :

“ What dost thou do here? But, tell me, art thou for the good cause?”

“ There is no effect without a cause ; and every thing is arranged for the best. It was decreed that I should suffer misfortunes and beg my bread until I can get into some employment, and no doubt it is right.”

“ My friend, dost thou believe that the Pope is the Anti-christ ? ”

“ I never heard say that he was ; but whether he is *so* or *not*, I know that I want food, for I am almost famished.”

“ Thou dost not deserve food, wicked, equivocating wretch ! Hence, monster ! avoid my sight, and as thou valuest thy life, never approach me more ! ”

The orator's wife happened to be at a window just by the door of his house, and over-heard the conversation between her husband and the beggar, and being a violent zealot, not only exclaimed loudly against poor Candid, but caught up a pail full of dirty water, and emptied it on his unfortunate head.

A humane and excellent anabaptist, although still unchristened, whose name was James, witnessed the cruel and ignominious treatment of a distressed human being whom *he* regarded as a *brother*. He conducted the poor wet stranger to his house, gave him a plentiful meal, dry clothes, and two florins. He then proposed to instruct Candid in his

business, which was a weaver of stuffs. The grateful young man threw himself at his feet, and exclaimed :

“ My master Pangloss was right when he told me that every thing happens for the best ! Had it not been for the cruelty of the gentleman in black and his wife, I should not, perhaps, have attracted your compassion, and I am sure that I should not so *gratefully* have *felt* your generosity.”

LXIV. THE SIX MONARCHS.

When at Venice during the time of the carnival, Candid and Martin sat down to supper at an hotel with six strangers, who were come to Venice to keep the carnival. Cacambo waited on one of these strangers, and after supper said to his master :

“ Sire, the vessel is ready ; your majesty may depart whenever you please.”

Having said those words, Cacambo left

the room. The guests looked at each other with some surprise, but no one spoke. Another domestic entered, and said to *his* master :

“ Sire, the chaise is waiting for your majesty at Padua, and the ship is ready.”

At a sign from his master he withdrew.

The company again looked at each other, but their astonishment increased when a servant entered, and approaching a third of the guests, said :

“ Sire, your majesty had better not stay any longer in this place ; I am going to make every necessary preparation.”

The servant disappeared, and Candid and Martin concluded that it was a masquerade frolic, when another domestic came in, and addressing a fourth, said :

“ Every thing is ready, Sire ; your majesty may set off when you please.”

He hastily retired like the rest, and a fifth valet said much the same to his master.

But a sixth addressed his master in a different manner.

“ Zounds and the devil ! the Wenecians

wo' not gi' your majesty credit any longer, nor myself into the bargain ; I don't think but we may both be carried off to the prison this very night, therefore it's my duty to take particular care of my ownself in such a far distant land, so I'll bid ye farewell for good and all."

When the servants were all retired, the guests preserved a profound silence for some time, which was at length broken by Candid, who said :

" Truly, gentlemen, this is a comical joke, that you should *all* assume the characters of kings. I assure you that my friend and I affect to be nothing more than common people, such as we really are."

The master of Cacambo replied gravely in Italian :

" *I* am not joking, sir ; in me you actually behold Achmet the Third. I dethroned my brother, and reigned grand Sultan for many years. I was then dethroned by my nephew, who caused my viziers to be strangled, and condemned me to be imprisoned for life in the old seraglio. My ne-

phew Mahomet, the present grand Sultan, permits me to travel sometimes for my health, and I came to keep the carnival at Venice."

" I am called Ivan," said a young man who sat next to Achmet, " and was in my infancy Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned while in my cradle, and brought up in the prison where my parents had been confined. I am suffered to travel under the care of my guards, and came attended by them to enjoy the carnival at Venice."

" I am," said the third, " Charles Edward Stuart, King of England, for my father has resigned his right to the kingdom to me ; I have fought for my dominions, but have had eight hundred of my partizans executed by my enemies like rebels, for supporting my cause : I too have been confined within a prison ; I am going to visit the kings, my father and my grandfather, at Rome. The latter was deposed, and resigned *his* claim to my father, as *he* has done to me. In my way I stopped to pass the carnival at Venice."

“ I am the King of Poland,” said the fourth ; “ the fate of war has deprived me of my hereditary rights. My father experienced similar misfortunes. I resign myself to the will of Providence, like the sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward ; and like them am come to pass the carnival at Venice.”

“ I am also King of Poland,” said the fifth ; “ I have twice lost my dominions ; but Heaven permits me to reign over a spot where I have had it in my power to do more good than all the Sarmatian Kings together were able to do upon the Banks of the Vistula ; therefore I am resigned to the divine decree, and came cheerfully to pass the carnival at Venice.”

“ I am not so great a monarch, I confess,” said the sixth, “ as those who have spoken before me ; yet I am a king ; Theodore of Corsica. I have been called your majesty ; at present I am seldom honored with the appellation of *Sir*. The coin of my kingdom has been impressed with my

image, and now I am not possessed of a ducat. I have had two secretaries of state, and now I cannot command the lowliest clown; I have sat in royal pomp upon a throne, and since I have lain, in a common prison in London, upon a bed of straw; and here, perhaps, I may be treated still more rigidly, although I have done nothing worse than come, like your majesties, to pass the carnival at Venice."

The five kings were affected by the words of Theodore, the Corsican monarch, and each of them, with generous compassion, gave him twenty sequins to clothe him more suitably to his rank. Candid presented him with a diamond from El-Dorado, worth *two thousand* sequins. Theodore was amazed; and the other kings said apart:

"Who can this private individual be who has given a diamond actually worth a hundred times more than our gifts put all together?"

Candid noticed not what they said; and

the moment they arose from the table, there arrived at the same hotel four serene highnesses, who had also lost their dominions by the chance of war.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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